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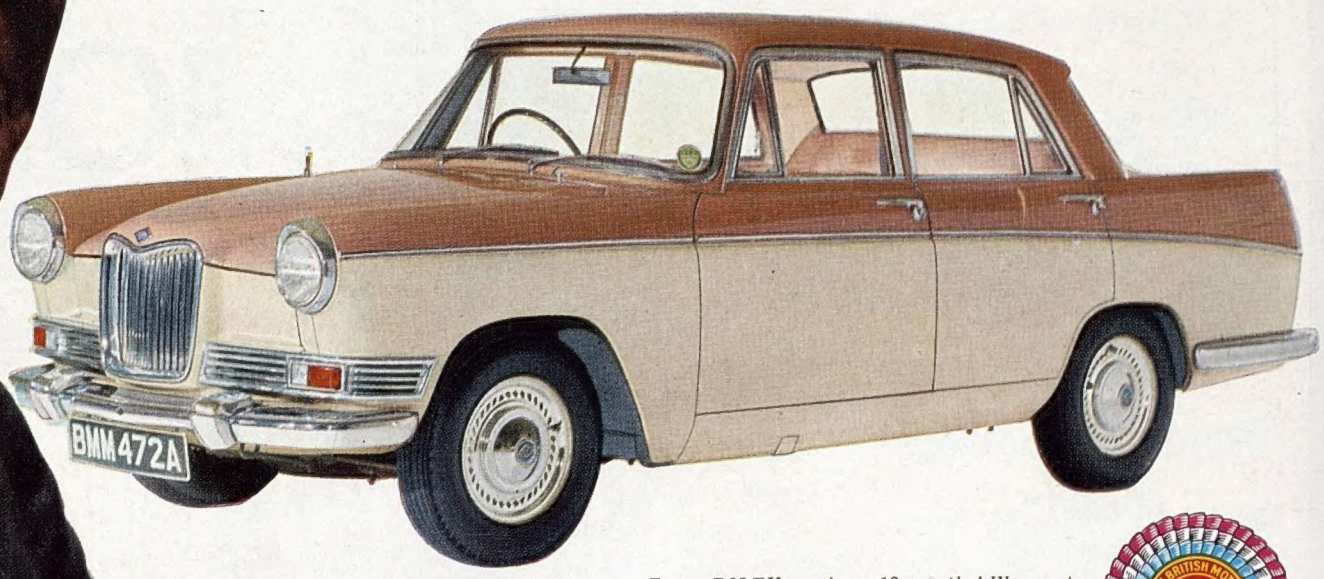

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Volume CCLVI No. 3322 LONDON, February 1, 1964

THE SPHERE

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The cautious calm prevailing at the beginning of the week in East Africa is evoked by this picture of Brigadier Percy Sholto Douglas (centre, wearing wrist-watch), preparing to address subdued mutineers at their barracks in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika. On the previous day, British Royal Marine Commandos, led by the Brigadier, had stormed the barracks. The Brigadier had returned after being deposed earlier as the British Commander of the Tanganyika Army. (See pp. 152-3)

RESTORING ORDER IN EAST AFRICA

THE BORNEO PROBLEM

The crisis between Indonesia and Malaysia " must be decided, resolved and determined by Asian countries, not by outsiders." These were the words of Robert Kennedy, United States' Attorney-General, spoken on arrival in Tokyo on a special overseas mission to meet President Sukarno of Indonesia to put to him the concern of President Johnson's administration over recent guerrilla attacks by Indonesia on Malaysia in Borneo. The implications of these words have been taken variously in different quarters. They could, of course, spring from a natural desire not to give the impression that the US was throwing its weight about, and to show that he was aware of the limitations of his own mission. They can also be, and have been, taken as an undercover side-swipe at the continued British presence in Malaysia.

In the middle of last week Kennedy seemed to have achieved a small diplomatic success in persuading Sukarno to accept a cease-fire, but the Indonesian President is notoriously unpredictable. London was chary of assessing the true worth of the Kennedy tour of S.E. Asia until there had been a chance for discussions with him scheduled to take place in Whitehall and at Chequers last week-end. The problem of the British presence in Borneo which Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia's Prime Minister, needs and which Sukarno objects to is not going to be easy to solve. It is here that a US-British divergence may emerge.

How did the problem come about? The idea of Malaysia germinated in the mind of the Tunku as a means of solving the Singapore question by calling in the predominantly Malay population of the British territories in North Borneo to redress the balance of the Singapore Chinese when Malaya and Singapore federated, something that had been on the cards for some time as economically beneficial to both. This coincided with the desire of the Macmillan administration in Britain to dispose of the remnants of the colonial empire as quickly as could be reconciled with discretion. Accordingly Lord Cobbold, a former chairman of the Bank of England, was despatched with a team to the Borneo territories of Sarawak, North Borneo (now known as Sabah) and the protectorate of Brunei and in due course reported that their peoples favoured the proposed federation. The smooth evolution of Malaysia was put out of joint somewhat by a revolt in Brunei against the proposals in December, 1962, but the plans to put it into effect nevertheless continued, minus Brunei.

When it became clear that the new state's neighbours were both hostile—the Philippines because she claimed North Borneo, and Indonesia for a multitude of reasons—Tunku Abdul Rahman agreed to a UN mission to determine the wishes of the people of Sarawak and Sabah, even though it meant a delay of a fortnight in the birth of the federation. The UN came to the same conclusion as Cobbold, but as soon as " Merdeka " (freedom) arrived, the new state was subject, along with Britain, to intense attacks by Indonesia. It was at this stage that the British embassy in Jakarta was burnt and the cricket pitch dug up. Indonesia, as part

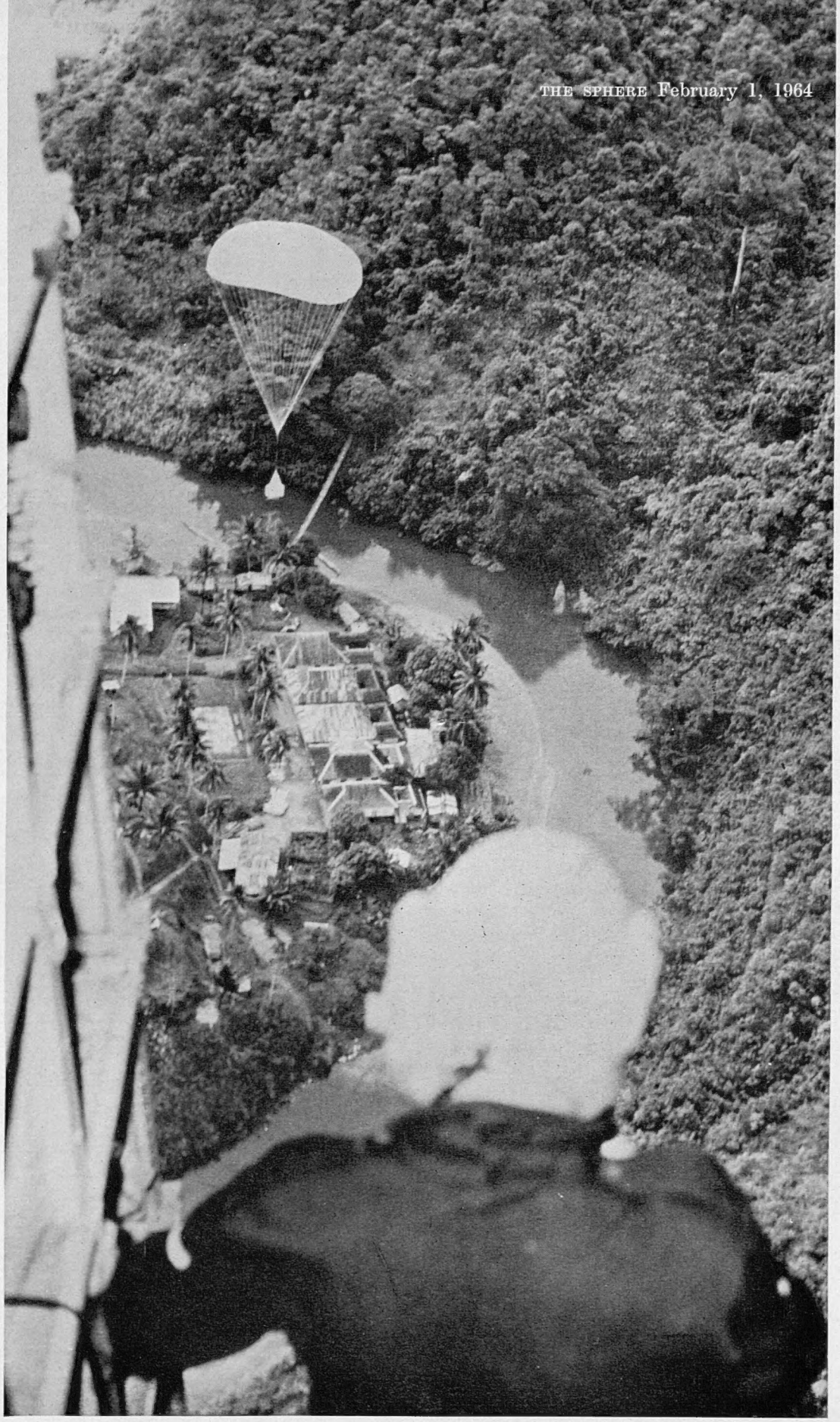
of ' confrontation," also began to operate a total trade boycott of Malaysia (which has so far harmed Indonesia more than the object of her attentions). The Indonesian argument was that Malaysia was a British neo-colonialist invention designed to perpetuate British influence, with the help of the British base in Singapore and the defence agreement. It was not long before the guerrilla attacks started on the difficult 700 mile frontier between Sarawak, Sabah and the Indonesian part of Borneo, and by New Year's Day, 7,000 British, Gurkha and Malaysian troops were " confronted " on the 700 mile border by nearly 15,000 Indonesians. Attacks grew increasingly bitter, with Sukarno announcing his intention to " crush " Malaysia and the Tunku introducing conscription and denouncing Indonesia for " acts of blatant violence and brigandage."

There are many powerful arguments for standing firm in Malaysia. It is a friendly Commonwealth country with many close ties with Britain. Although not a part of Seato there is the Singapore base and a defence agreement which commits Britain, something which cannot, as Sir Alec Douglas-Home realises and made clear in his Lincolnshire speech in December, be taken lightly. Malaysia is also a democracy complete with Westminster type institutions, in spite of the detention of opposition leaders in Singapore. Moreover, the Borneo territories did favour the merger. The facts speak for themselves: Brunei was doubtful (being much the best off from oil revenues it saw no economic advantage) and so Brunei was left out. In Sarawak and Sabah, as Mr Sandys, Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Secretary, said at the time, the UN investigation provided final confirmation that the majority desired to join Malaysia.

Also Indonesia is perhaps one of the most ramshackle and unstable of all the newly independent countries. It is dominated by its volatile, unpredictable President, Ahmed Sukarno, who has been described as a " revolutionary with the instincts of a sultan." Much loved by his people as the nationalist leader who threw off the hated rule of the Dutch he has been unable or unwilling to cope with the economic difficulties caused by the population explosion of the last ten years, and has consequently turned increasingly to the provision of circuses to make up for lack of bread. The 14-year campaign for the handing over of Dutch New Guinea (now West Irian) was one of these, but when this was accomplished in 1962, he found a new external diversion ready-made in Malaysia. And there are considerable grounds for supposing that the Brunei revolt was fomented by Indonesia.

Professor Ritchie Calder, not someone one would describe as out of sympathy with the new nations, said in a recent lecture in Edinburgh that the average Indonesian is now far worse off than ten years ago in spite of about 2,000 million dollars' worth of aid from all quarters. He also commented that the country was a " jigsaw puzzle of peoples . . . not really a coherent nation." This raises another calculation which must fortify supporters of Malaysia, that Sukarno will not last forever, and when he goes his empire may disintegrate.

There is, however, another more pessimistic viewpoint, which should be considered in any realistic appraisal of the Far East. One of the ghosts which lingers persistently over any British activity in the area is the ghost of 1942, when the fall of Singapore destroyed the infallibility of Pax Britannica. Nothing could ever be the same after that, as most far-seeing statesmen have realised. This knowledge was behind the Malaysia project, and the paradox is that what was hoped would see a British withdrawal has meant a continued British presence in more embarrassing and exposed



Above: President Sukarno of Indonesia (left) embraces Prince Sihanouk, Cambodia's Chief of State, at a meeting in the Cambodian capital. Later Sukarno flew to Tokyo for talks with Mr Robert Kennedy

Above left: Mr Kennedy meets Malaysia's Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman

Right: The RAF dropping supplies in Borneo

Below right: Indonesian demonstrators marching on the temporary British Embassy in Jakarta to protest against the British support for Malaysia

circumstances than before. Malaysia is virtually isolated in Asia because of her too overt British connections.

Both Australia and New Zealand have been singularly reluctant to get themselves involved too deeply, as both Indonesia and Malaysia are their neighbours. Uppermost in America's mind is the fear that if opposed too far Indonesia's 2 million strong Communist party may get the upper hand. US policy in South-East Asia is at a particularly delicate stage following the overthrow of the Diems in South Vietnam and the death of Marshal Sarit in Thailand. The reappearance of the French in Cambodia, and de Gaulle's apparent recognition of Red China have introduced new uncertainties. An all-out struggle might produce new animosities and tensions within Malaysia too; and Britain would be an all too easy scapegoat. Thus, although obligations must be adhered to, Bobby Kennedy's " Asian solution " should not be dismissed as appeasement. The concept of a confederation of Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines (Maphilindo) should continue to be floated. The Tunku should not hesitate to invoke the UN again, because basically he is in the right. The Afro-Asian support he needs can only be rustled up if the British forces make themselves a lot scarcer, and a UN or even a joint Asian frontier force would be the best substitute.

Kaye Whiteman

NEWS SUMMARY

British forces suppress East African revolts; four killed in Kashmir; French Government condemns Naessens serum

152 **AFRICA**

After the weekend's mutiny-quelling operations by British forces in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, the situation in these three East African territories at the beginning of the week was less tense, though still grave. By Sunday night the Army revolts at Dar-es-Salaam and Tabora in Tanganyika, at Jinja in Uganda and at Lanet in Kenya had all been suppressed by prompt action involving the use of the British Army, the RAF and the Royal Navy, and an incipient mutiny at Langata barracks, near Nairobi, had been contained.

The decision of the leaders of the newly independent states of East Africa to call in British help was a courageous, but humiliating one and it is likely to lead to more urgent consideration of proposals for pushing through with East African federation as a means of bringing greater stability to the region.

More violence flared in the Congo where missionary nuns were recently evacuated by helicopter from the Kwilu area following the burning of missions by terrorists. On Sunday there was a report from Leopoldville that a woman Baptist missionary had been murdered in Kwilu and that four American mission stations were asking for aid.

Meanwhile in Moscow the Soviet Government claimed that Britain was preparing "armed aggression" against Zanzibar where the government which seized power last month appeared to be going ahead with plans for Cubanisation.

The East African upheavals provided a disturbing background for the weekend talks at Chequers between Mr Winston Field, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia and Sir Alec Douglas-Home. The chief topic of discussion was Southern Rhodesian independence.

On the other side of Africa, Ghana took one more step towards becoming a one-party state when the first stage of the national referendum revealed 457,292 "Yes" votes with only 1,775 against. The areas in which voting took place included the Accra district and parts of Northern Ghana. Other areas were casting their votes during the week.

INDIA

Four people were killed in Srinagar, Kashmir, when police fired on demonstrators during weekend disturbances. The agitation is thought to have been caused by continuing public suspicion that the hair of Mohammed had not been recovered since its theft in December and that the supposed relic of the Prophet now in the Hazratbal shrine is not genuine. Disquiet over the theft of the hair has now taken a political turn, criticism being directed at both Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, the previous Prime Minister of Kashmir, and of his successor Mr Shamsuddin and the whole National Conference Party. Eventually, it is feared, it may be directed at the Indian Government which has supported Bakshi Ghulam Muhammad and his party.

At the Republic Day celebrations in Delhi on Sunday Mr Nehru sat between old friends —Lord Mountbatten and Lady Pamela Mountbatten. The day was cold and the ceremony was long. That Mr Nehru, well wrapped in rugs, attended was taken as a sign of improving health, even though his bearing still showed signs of his recent illness. More responsibilities are expected to be undertaken by Mr Lal Bahadur Shastri, who was sworn in as Minister without Portfolio last week and who is now emerging as Mr Nehru's deputy in the fullest sense.

GREAT BRITAIN

With a General Election in the offing, the political implications of the Welsh steel dispute are clearly causing increasing concern to Mr Harold Wilson. The Labour leader has suggested that the 1,300 Amalgamated Engineering Union strikers who have closed the Port Talbot plant of the Steel Company of Wales should return to work while a Government Court of Inquiry is held. At the beginning of the week the indications were that the AEU felt it could not recommend a return until the management had given signs that they were willing to make wage concessions, but the National Executive of the union was meeting on Tuesday to review the dispute, due in part to inter-union rivalry.

In a weekend speech at Swansea, Mr Wilson outlined the economic policies he would develop as Prime Minister. Under Labour, he said, there would be "ruthless" tax discrimination against less essential industries and a new Minister of Production would be responsible for drawing up a national plan covering all parts of the economy.

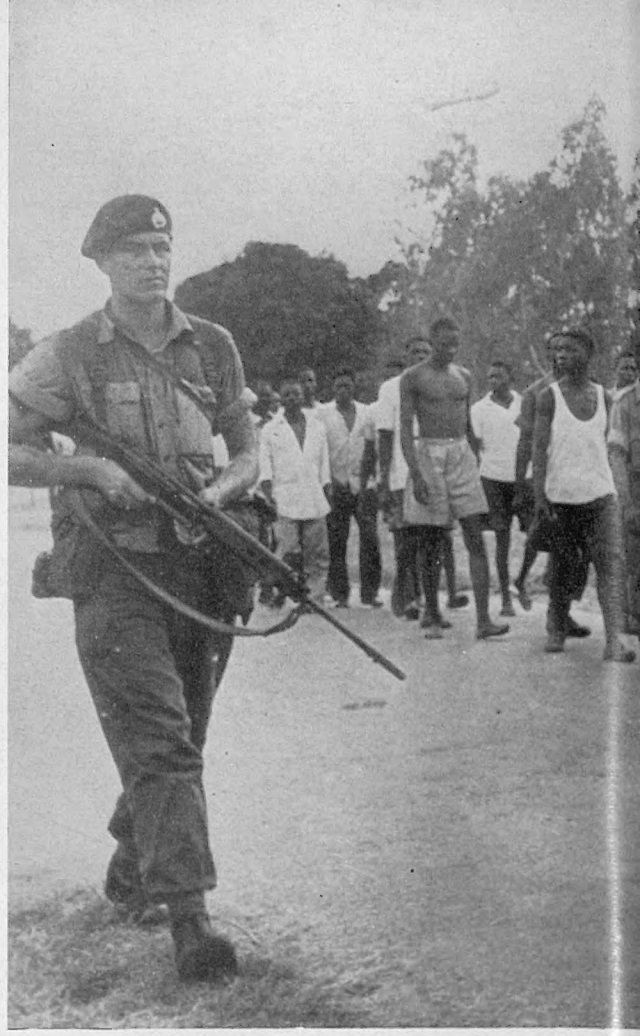
Next day Mr Maudling, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied to Mr Wilson's proposals in a London speech in which he said the Wilson tax proposals smacked of "industrial apartheid" and that the Labour party was imbued with the view that "the man in Whitehall knows best."

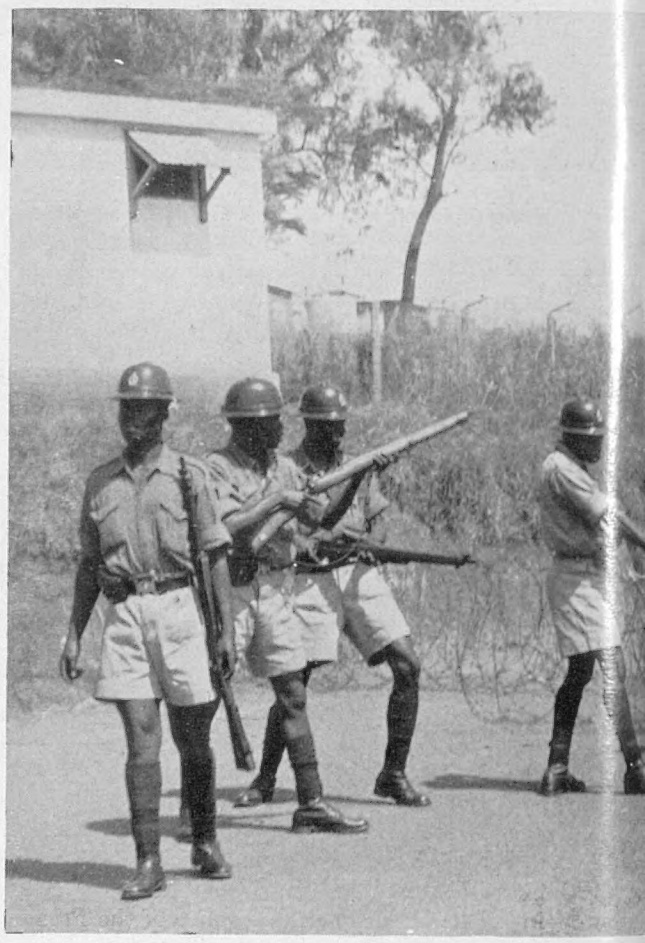
The number of prospective by-elections rose to five with the death of Mr R. C. Brooman-White, 51-year-old Conservative MP for Rutherglen. The other vacancies are at Devizes, Bury St. Edmunds, Runcorn and Winchester.

The Post Office temporarily suspended its new delivery service for unaddressed circulars, following protests from the Labour party and the Union of Post Office Workers against the plan to use the service for distribution of 500,000 anti-nationalisation leaflets prepared by Aims of Industry. Legal aspects of the new service were to be examined while it was suspended.

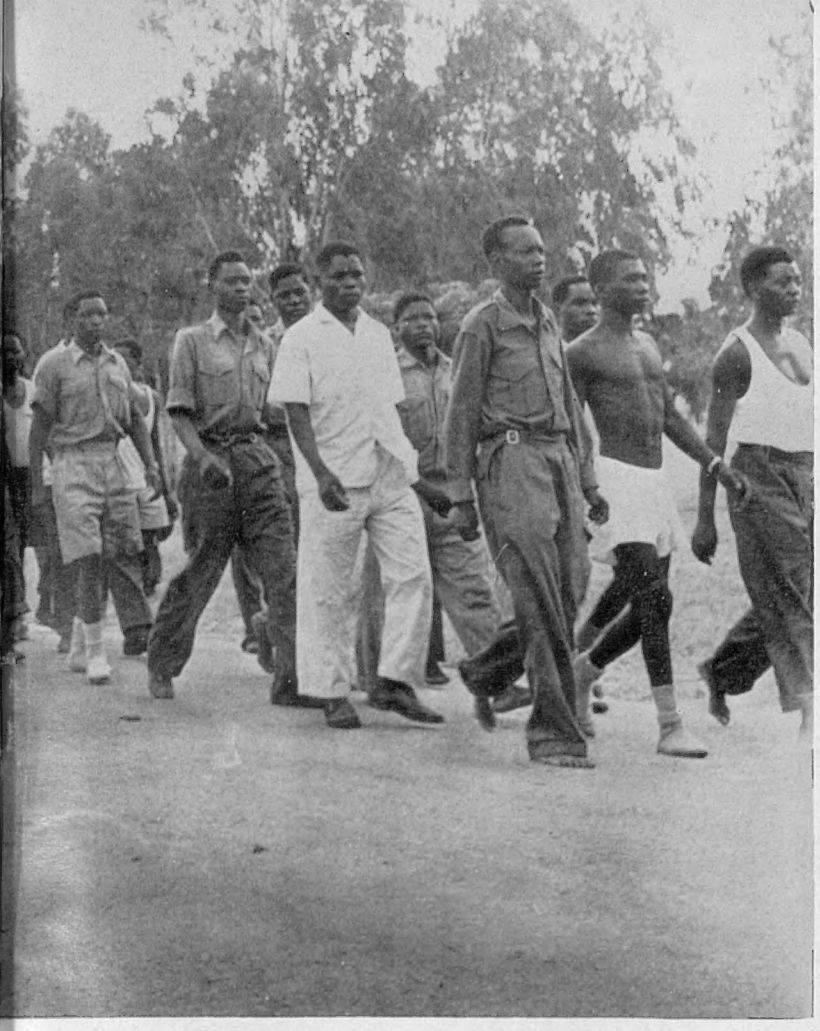
FRANCE

The Naessens serum being used in Corsica to treat children suffering from leukaemia has been described as of "no value" by the French Ministry of Health. On government instructions, tests had been carried out on the serum by Professor Pierre Denoix, a leading French authority on cancer. These, said the Ministry, showed that the serum was "devoid of all anti-cancer and anti-leukaemia therapeutic action." The dossier of M Gaston Naessens, the self-taught biologist who developed the serum, was being "handed over to the Ministry of Justice."

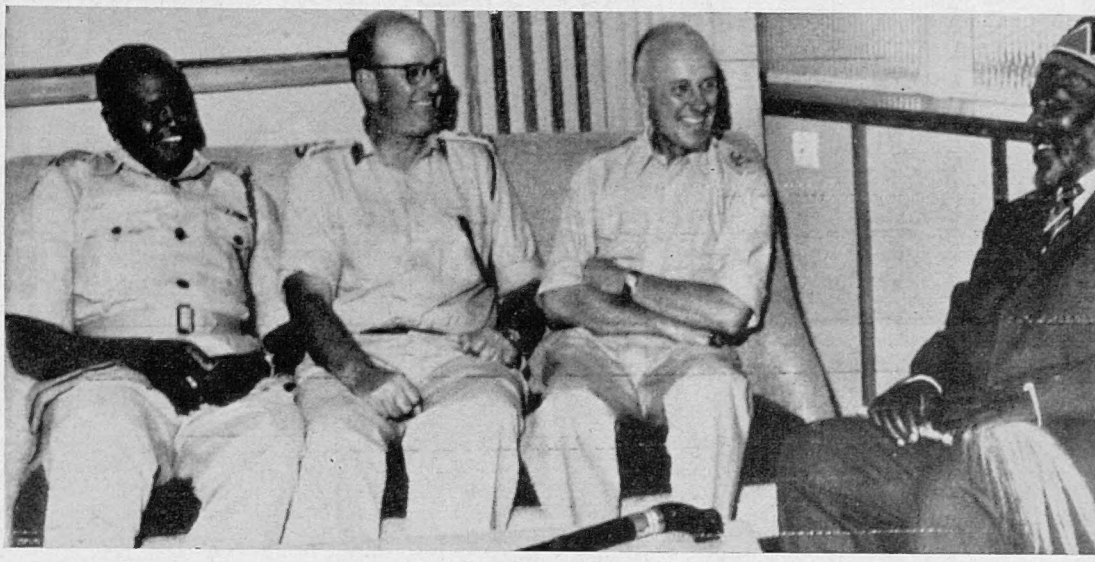




In Corsica two fathers of British children who were taken to the island to receive the serum said they wanted the treatment to continue and M Naessens described the Ministry's statement as "incredible." It was impossible, he said, for the tests to have been carried out so quickly. Professor Denoix had written to him on January 13 asking for material necessary for the identification of the different micro-organisms. "This material has not yet been sent," he added. "The Professor could not have the results of the test because he did not have everything to enable him to complete the tests." Meanwhile M Naessens said he would continue to supply serum for treatment of leukaemia victims in Corsica.



Below: Reviewing the situation in Kenya, from right to left: Mr Jomo Kenyatta, the Kenyan Prime Minister; Major-General Freeland, Commander of the Kenya Army; Colonel Bright, Chief of Staff; and Lieut.-Colonel K. K. Mulings, the highest ranking African officer



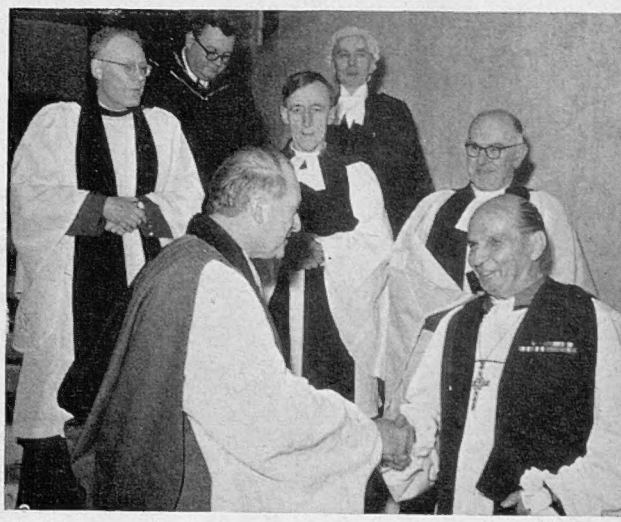
Above: On the outskirts of Kampala, capital of Uganda, native police in battle order set up road blocks. At Jinja, Scots Guards and men of the Staffordshire Regiment restored order among the mutinous 1st Battalion of the Uganda Rifles

Top: At Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, mutinous troops of the Tanganyika Rifles are marched off at gun-point by British Commandos. The mutineers had been rounded up from the bush by troops and helicopters from HM aircraft carrier *Centaur*

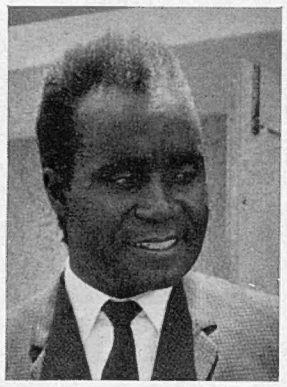
Left: Mr Winston Field, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, is greeted on his arrival at London Airport by the High Commissioner of Southern Rhodesia in London, Mr Evan Campbell (right)

Above right: Two Turkish Cypriots move their belongings away from the mixed-community village of Dhirios to the all-Turk village of Kambyli. Many such moves have taken place. The continuing deadlock of the London Conference on Cyprus has increased fears that further racial violence may break out. During last weekend, the British Government sought US assistance in its peace-keeping role. It is anxious to release the brigade group from police duties in Cyprus in case of further calls on the strategic reserve. Contingents of Greek and Turkish troops to be sent to the island were to be supervised by observers of the joint intervention force. A split in the Greek community has been caused by the challenge offered by General Grivas to Archbishop Makarios

Right: Dr Joost de Blank (right), the former Archbishop of Cape Town, is welcomed by the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Eric S. Abbott, after his installation as a Canon of Westminster. Behind from left are: Canon E. F. Carpenter, Treasurer of Westminster; Mr W. R. J. Pullen, Receiver-General of Westminster; Canon M. S. Stancliffe, Rector of St. Margaret's; Mr J. S. Widdows, the Legal Secretary and Canon M. A. C. Warren, Sub-Dean of Westminster



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

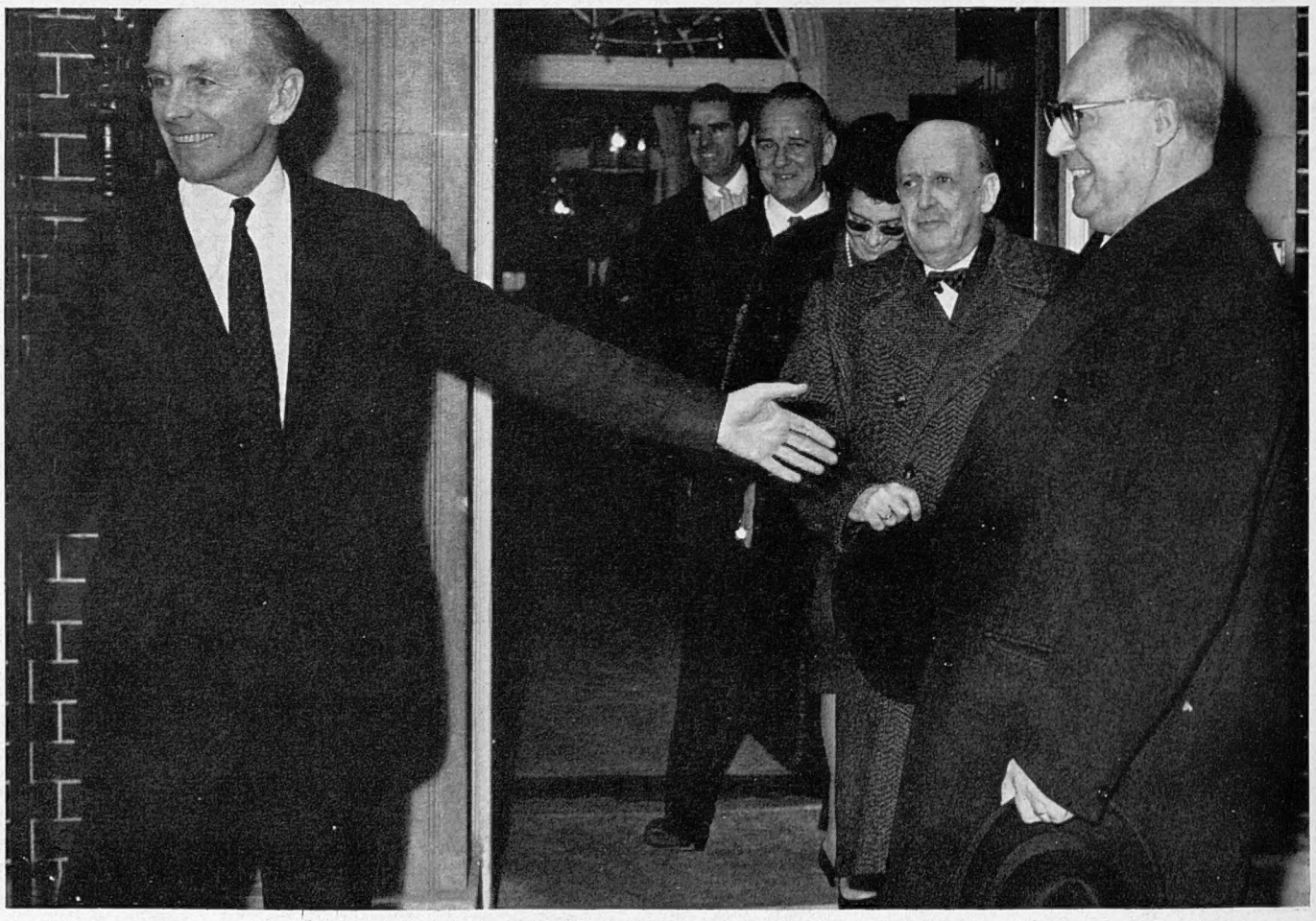


Mr Kaunda wins in Northern Rhodesia

In Lusaka, capital of Northern Rhodesia, Mr Kenneth Kaunda (above) has led his party, the United National Independence Party, to victory in the General Election. Heavy rain did not daunt voters listening to a UNIP speaker at an election rally (right). By last weekend, with some returns yet to be made from remote areas, UNIP had won 54 seats in the Legislative Assembly; the African National Congress 10 seats, and the National Progress Party 10. Following his victory, Mr Kaunda and 12 other ministers, all African, were sworn in by the Governor, Sir Evelyn Home

Italian Foreign Minister in London

The Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, (left) with the Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Guiseppe Saragat (right) at No. 10 Downing Street. Signor Saragat was on a one-day official visit to London at the invitation of Mr Butler, the Foreign Secretary. His talks with British ministers have brought out the close similarity of policy the British and Italian Governments have on main international problems, particularly on developments in Europe and the Atlantic community. After the talks, Signor Saragat led the Italian delegation at the Western European Union meeting at Lancaster House



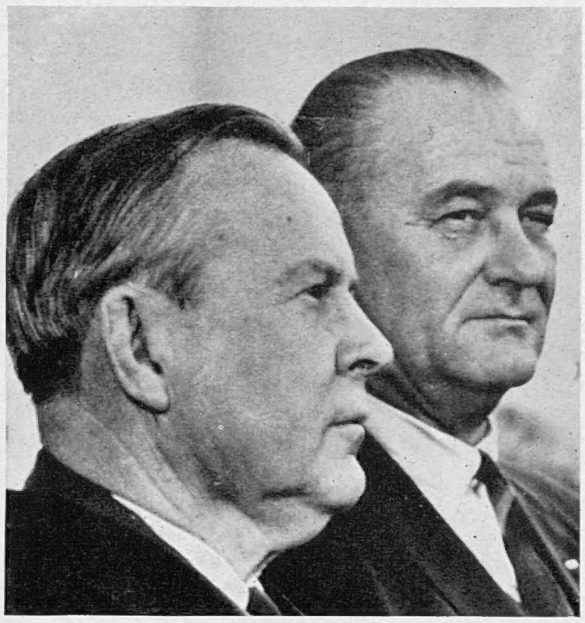
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

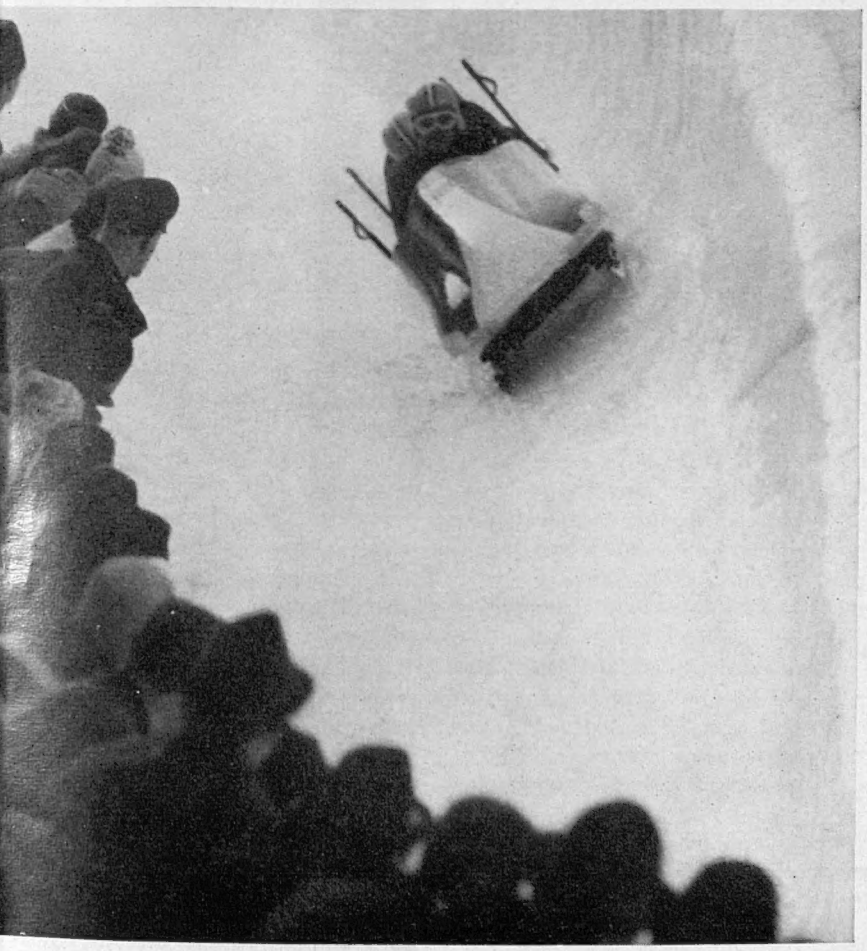
Comrade Castro's New Look

In Moscow as the guest of Mr Khrushchev, Dr Castro, the Prime Minister of Cuba, looks pleased with his white sheepskin *papakha*. He also had reason to be pleased with a long-term trade agreement he has secured with Russia which will safeguard the Cuban economy against fluctuations in the world price of sugar. Dr Castro also agreed to approve the partial nuclear test ban treaty

US agreement with Canada

The Canadian Prime Minister, Lester B. Pearson (left), photographed with the US President, Lyndon Johnson, at the White House, where they concluded two days of conferences with agreements to avoid splits on matters of mutual interest. They also witnessed the protocols to the 1961 Columbia River Power Treaty, allowing the US to begin the Libby Dam project for electric power





Austrian bob-sleigh championships

The four-man team of Franz, Henri, Pepi and Fritz Isser speeds around the Hexenkessel curve on the Olympic run near Igls during Austria's bob-sleigh championships. The run has been prepared for the Winter Olympic Games for which competitors gathered this week

Moscow's Mayor in London

The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman C. J. Harman, greets the Mayor of Moscow, Mr Vladimir Promyslov. Moscow's Mayor was in London for a week's visit. On the left is Madame Korchilova, the only woman member of the party accompanying Mr Promyslov

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

156

Hung on the line

The changes and chances which settle a man's career are sundry and manifold, not least in politics. Mr Macleod's disclosures about the fight for Tory leadership may suggest that he has decided that journalism rather than politics is now his best cup of tea. The moment for his disclosure certainly brought dismay to some of his admirers in Parliament, where his party's fortunes are at a low ebb, and a charge of disloyalty upon him. On the other hand, what a swift and successful scoop for a new and untried editor with a journalistic reputation to be won! It is difficult to imagine, in the political chances of this year and the next, that Mr Macleod could be welcomed back into the Tory fold whether that fold is sited in the wilderness or in the Home farm. But there are prizes in journalism for clever men. Which suggests to me that Mr Macleod, a clever man, has coolly decided to adhere to a new trade. On the other hand, memory is short, not least in politics, and changes and chances may be as manifold in the next decade as in the last; and I am bound to say that a Tory party led from the left of centre is more tolerable to me than one led from the right. The picture of an old arachnid weaving his web from a sickbed is not attractive, even with the assurance that everyone acted from the purest, if mistaken, motives. If the dirty linen is only "slightly soiled," still it is hung on the line for all to see. But it is, after all, an editor's duty to sift truth from hearsay and, to the best of his ability, to put it on record.

The violent years

Not for a century and more has civilisation been confronted with so much violence and indiscipline as today, not only in political but in social life. From the idiotic football fan to the latest upsetter of a government in power, the Kingdom of Law and Order suffereth violence and violent men take it by force. That world wars upset human reason and encourage revolt against authority is understandable enough. One has only to read Moorehead's *Gallipoli*, or any embittered victim's memories of Haig's "pushes" to understand and sympathise in that inevitable collapse of discipline. But even the Second World War is ancient history now, and there is every reason why a generation which has experienced the follies and horrors of war only in printed books should have learned another lesson from what they have read, the fatal consequences of violence. Those who take the sword usually perish by the sword. The crater-edge on which humanity sat a few years ago is rather less menacing today, and that fact also should be an argument for the resumption of reason and patience and self-discipline. It is not so. All over the world, men continue to use force to attain their aims as though it were "now or never" before the inevitable holocaust. Yet evolution by constitutional means, and not by revolution, comes about nowadays far more rapidly than it did half a century ago, and there seems to be nothing clearly to account for the world-wide and class-wide orgy of violence in matters trivial and important. Whether that proneness to violent measures is shown in the breaking of lamp bulbs, safes or governments, the same ruthless contempt of authority and abrogation of restraint is apparent. Violence has become the first and not the ultimate resort of all who oppose existing regimes and despise existing laws, and the only practical method of proving individual manhood and registering disapproval of authority. It is sad to think that the 1960's may go down to history, despite all their achievements, as the Age of Unreason and Civilisation's Dark Ages. The Jolly Roger is nailed to civilisation's mast. There is something here for civilised statesmen, prelates and schoolteachers to ponder over.

Right: The unusual painting in transit is a door. It belongs to the telephone booth of the Studio Club, Ltd. When the club moved to new premises recently at 9, Swallow Street, London, W.1, the door was taken along too. The Studio Club was founded in 1915 by a number of artists who got tired of being stared at in the Café Royal

Below: As the ribbon is cut, the Strand Underpass is declared open. Watched by the Mayor of Westminster (left) and the Chairman of the London County Council (right), Lord Morrison of Lambeth performs the opening ceremony. Now motorists can drive direct from Waterloo Bridge to Kingsway (north-bound only)

Spring adventure

For £1,500 or less, 450 privileged tourists from the USA and Canada in the cruise ship *Kungsholm* will come in May to England to visit some of our historic houses as the first leg of a tour lasting for a month. The passengers will be primed with lectures on board, as on Hellenic cruises. They will start with Osborne House in the Isle of Wight, and are sure to be impressed with the royal deathbed, bathroom and the security gates which guarded the royal suite. They will be impressed also with the wide range of marble hands, arms and feet taken from life from royal babies and with the wealth of Indian filigree work. At Carisbrooke Castle they will have to readjust their views of royal residences. Avoiding major ports, they will call at Weymouth, Bristol and Llandudno and go inland to such places as Wilton, Longleat, Bodnant, Berkeley Castle and then have a look at Scotland's famous houses. It needs at least a great part of the 2 million overseas tourists who visit Britain annually, if less luxuriously, to bolster up the finances of these historic

homes; and 450, more or less, are only a flea-bite, unless their entrance fees are increased in ratio with their cruise prices. But, whether or no, the *Kungsholm* cruise should boost the good cause.

Nuts

We touched last week on the problem of the right use of leisure when the time comes to share out employment fairly among the labour force by introducing a three-day working week. A remarkable young man in Edinburgh recently made a contribution to this problem. For a wager he pushed a peanut along Princes Street with his nose. He failed to finish the course but the " bookies " paid up, deciding that he had " made a jolly good stab at it "—in Wodehouse's phrase. He suffered some excoriation to elbows and knees but not to his nose. By and large, it was a useful contribution to a social problem whether regarded as a means of gainful employment or as a sensible use of leisure. At any rate, it seems to justify the raising of peanuts on a commercial scale and is in tune with many aspects of our national character today. There are even less innocent means of making money and many more foolish ways of using leisure headlined in the Press.

The Old Stager

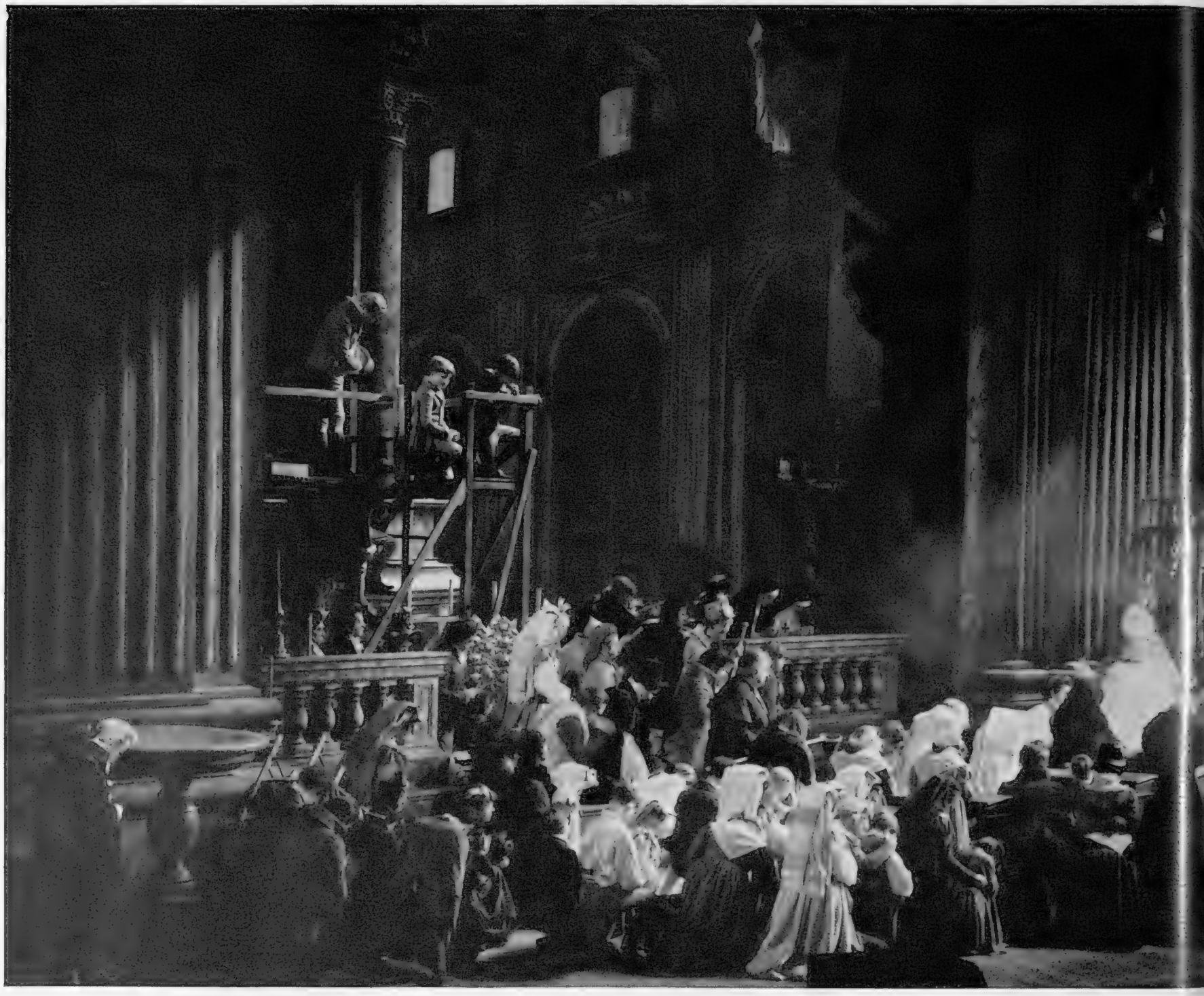
Above: At Olympia, Sir Guy Bracewell Smith speaks at the luncheon marking the opening of the Hotel and Catering Exhibition by Mr Angus Ogilvy, who sits on his right. Sir Guy is a former Lord Mayor of London and Chairman of the Exhibition

Top: After opening the Hotel and Catering Exhibition, Mr Ogilvy went on to another hall at Olympia to attend the preview of the Racing Car Show. Here he sits in the driving seat of the Lotus Formula Two, and hears from an official of the Lotus Group about the car's controls

Above right: Eton's new headmaster in his study on the first day of the Lent half. Mr Anthony Chenevix-Trench was formerly headmaster of Bradfield College. He succeeded Dr Robert Birley who retired last year

CALLAS AT "THE GARDEN"

photographs by Anthony Crickmay



Above: Zeffirelli's production is full of splendid stage pictures like this Act I grouping of a congregation at prayer in the Roman Church of San' Andrea della Valle

Far right: Tosca (Maria Callas) and her lover, the republican painter Mario Cavaradossi (Renato Cioni)

After an absence of four long years, the fiery Maria Callas swept back to Covent Garden to sing *Tosca* in Franco Zeffirelli's new production of Puccini's musical melodrama. The audience of 2,300 gave her a 30-minute ovation. She took 27 curtain calls and next morning the critics pelted her with verbal roses.

The stylish perfection of her singing, the warmth of her personality and the deep intelligence of her acting combine to make Callas the outstanding Tosca of modern times. Zeffirelli's production brings a rewardingly intellectual approach to the old tale of political intrigue in late 18th-century Rome and, with superlative performances from Tito Gobbi as Scarpia and Renato Cioni as Cavaradossi, this handsome *Tosca* will do much to restore the status of an opera which sometimes has suffered from presentation so coarse that the early description of it as "a shabby little shocker" has seemed almost justified.

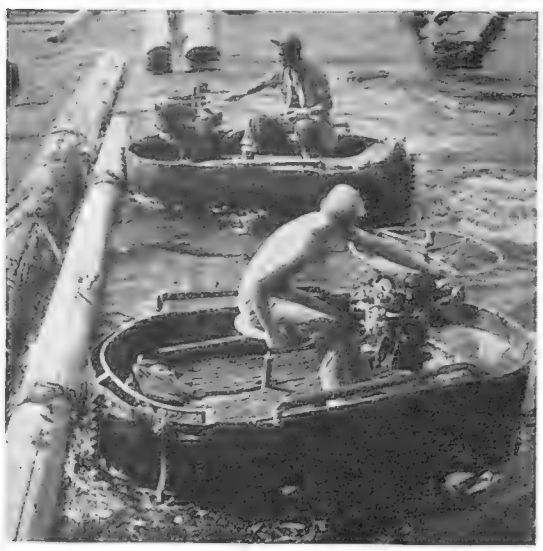
Above and left: The power of Callas's performance is matched by that of Tito Gobbi as Scarpia, the sinister chief of police who forces Tosca to agree to give herself to him in return for a false promise to save the arrested Cavaradossi from a firing squad

CANADA'S LOG DRIVE

160 More than anything else, Canada is a forest country. Over half its vast total is wooded with the softwood conifers that directly and indirectly contribute a major portion of the income of the Canadian people. The forests are the source of the raw material for pulp and paper, and of saw logs for lumber.

The forests of Canada extend in a belt from 600 to 1,000 miles wide from the Atlantic Provinces to British Columbia in the west, curving north in the middle beyond the prairies. On the northern edge of this belt, conifers grow near the limit of vegetation, but their small size and slow growth together with their inaccessibility rule them out as a productive source, even for pulpwood. Farther south, the forests are capable of producing continuous crops of wood. It has been calculated that the average rate of growth in these forests more than offsets the annual cut and losses from fire, insects and disease. Vast tracts of forest remain untouched. There is no reason why Canada's forests should not provide wood harvests of the present scale in perpetuity.

Nevertheless, there are indications that the volume of wood consumption is expanding and this has lent a new urgency to the problems of forest management. Every Canadian has a personal interest in the productivity of the forests, for about 80 per cent. of them are publicly owned and are managed by the provincial governments. One of the main problems facing the forest managers is that of accessibility. Canada is fortunate in its location of watercourses down which the timber harvest can be floated to the mills in the spring log drive. As the distance between the forest and the big mills has been extended over time, so the greater efficiency of water transport over other forms has increased.



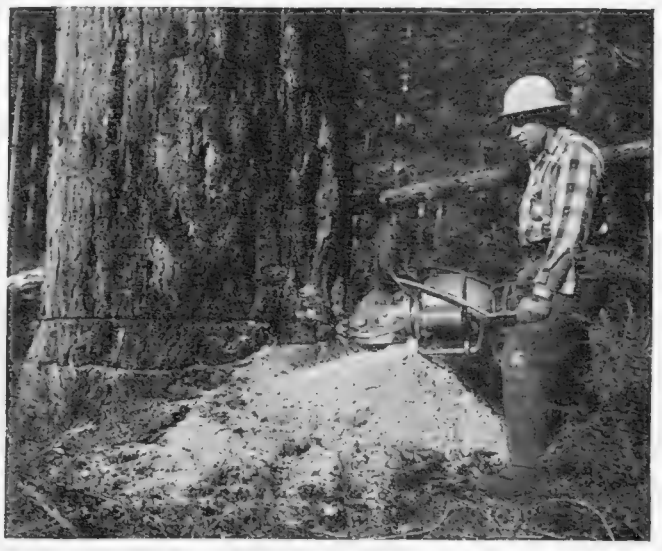
Above: At Port Alberni, in British Columbia, log dozers are used to sort out logs belonging to different mills. This operation is the last stage of the log drive, the most exciting annual event of the timber industry

Right: A self-dumping barge unloads its burden of timber into a sorting pool at Vancouver Harbour

Above right: A massive quantity of pulpwood accumulates at the end of its journey from the forests at The Bowater Pulp and Paper Plant, Newfoundland

Left: On the fast-flowing St. Maurice River, *les draveurs* guide their boat through a narrow channel. In the background are other men holding the pike poles used in guiding logs downstream during the spring log drive

Below: At 'The Gap,' near La Tuque, Quebec, millions of logs are sorted according to the markings of the various paper companies. Water jets are used in the sorting operation



Above: A logger saws a Douglas fir in British Columbia. This province has the largest and most accessible stand of conifers. Ontario ranks next, then Quebec. The species of tree most used in the manufacture of pulp are Douglas fir, hemlock, spruce, balsam fir and cedar

Left: A scaler and behind him a boom man in the vast sorting area of a lumber pool in British Columbia. Great skill is displayed in controlling the logs

GARDEN SANCTUARIES IN LONDON

The Orangery of Kensington Palace, designed by Sir Christopher Wren

On every side, as the multi-storey buildings rise, London is fighting for breathing space. The air we breathe may not be altogether clean, but at least in the parks and gardens it has the semblance of freshness. The trees and flowerbeds, even on the greyest day, are sufficient antidote to the traffic roar. To the parks, Londoners flock in grateful thousands: less so to the gardens, hidden away as many of them are, and small in size. People flock to the grassy slopes of Kensington Gardens, but how many discover the Orangery of Kensington Palace, a mere step away? The great ecclesiastical palaces of Lambeth and Fulham have gardens too, open to the public on certain days under the National Gardens Scheme. It is, indeed, to the Church that many of London's most beautiful gardens belong, like the Little Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. More formal in design, and nearer the City, are the gardens of the Inns of Court. These gardens are very old, in some cases dating back to medieval times. Traditionally, the gardens of the Temple were famous for their roses but, like King's Bench Walk with its rows of trees, they have been constantly restyled to meet the changing tastes of different periods.

In the Temple Gardens, splendid trees overshadow King's Bench Walk

The garden of Lambeth Palace, the London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury

Drawings by **Geoffrey S. Fletcher**

The Little Cloister Garden of Westminster Abbey, a great sanctuary from the city's traffic

ABU DHABI JOINS THE OIL WORLD

Photographs by Guy Gravett

164 The newest arrival in the ranks of the Middle East's important oil-producing countries is Abu Dhabi on the Trucial (formerly Pirate) Coast of Arabia. With a population of around 20,000 and 24,000 square miles of almost rolling desert landscape, Abu Dhabi is the largest of the Trucial States, which have been in treaty relations with Britain for more than 70 years. The country has little fresh water and the only area of extensive cultivation is a green belt surrounding the oasis of Buraimi in the desert hinterland along the borders of Muscat and Oman.

Umm Shaif, the country's pioneer oilfield which produced the first shipment of crude oil, is under the sea, near Das Island, 50 miles from the mainland. Oil was discovered there after an extensive search by Abu Dhabi Marine Areas (owned two-thirds by British Petroleum and one-third by Compagnie Française des Pétroles). In 1963 about 2·3 million tons was produced.

The initial survey work was carried out by that pioneer of modern diving methods Jacques-Yves Cousteau, author of *The Silent World*, who operated with a team of divers in his ship, the *Calypso*, which was also used to make a gravity survey, one of the standard methods for locating structures that may contain oil.

Murban, Abu Dhabi's second oilfield, is on the mainland, not far from the seashore. Here the difficult terrain has added to the problems of the operating company, Abu Dhabi Petroleum, an affiliate of the Iraq Petroleum Company, in which British, US, French and Dutch interests are jointly concerned.

Murban oil comes from a depth of around 8,600 ft. It is obtained *continued on page 166*

Left: Sheikh Shakbut Bin Sultan Bin Zaid, 57-year-old ruler of the Middle East's newest oil-producing country, talks in his palace to Mr Bill Clark, his European adviser

Below: Builders at work on a new housing scheme

Top left: Abu Dhabi's post office, opened last March, has close links with the British GPO. Overprinted British stamps are on sale, but a local design was approved recently by the sheikh

Left: Formerly a lonely haunt of pearl-fishers and seabirds, Das Island, off the Abu Dhabi coast, is now the staging point for transferring oil from the wells to storage tanks which, along with the new port, workshops and helicopter hangar, have brought a new, busy look to the once-empty waste of sand

Above: Main Street, Al 'Ain, most developed of the eight Buraimi Oasis villages. Many new buildings, including shops and banks, have sprung up here in the last two years. Now, too, there are trees in the street—saplings growing under protective cages

Left: The start of a new £264,000, 24-mile road which, built from local salt mud, links the new jetty on the eastern tip of Abu Dhabi with the inland intersection of ancient desert routes used by nomads

ABU DHABI JOINS THE OIL WORLD *continued from page 164*

from the limestone foundation which is being drilled all round the Persian Gulf, but the crude is much lighter than the normal Middle East oil.

Besides drilling up the field, the development work has included the construction of a jetty and submarine loading berths for small tankers at Jebbel Dhanna on the coast. A 70-mile pipeline has been laid from the oilfield to the terminal.

The full extent of the oil resources of Abu Dhabi will not be known for many years, but it is probable that they will provide a steadily increasing income for a country which up to now has been an extremely poor one.

Already the impact of oil is beginning to make its mark on the lives of the people whose simple existence had changed little for hundreds of years. Most of them lived as nomad farmers in the interior. For some, during the summer months, there was pearl-fishing. Now the oil industry offers a different type of employment which is attracting workers from surrounding countries.

To cope with the inevitable lack of learning, the oil people have installed two teachers to give lessons in Arabic, English and simple arithmetic—prior to the more technical training that may be needed.

The capital of the country is Abu Dhabi town which has a rapidly increasing population of about 5,000. *continued on page 168*

Above: The mosque built on Das Island for the oil workers has a new brightness. The "Mullah" has an old wisdom

Above right: The desert blooms with buildings. This view of new Abu Dhabi was taken from the British Residency

Right: Water gushes from Buraimi's underground reservoir which has created a garden in the desert. The water 40 feet down may be enough to supply a town

Far right: From the air, the Sheikhdom looks remarkably like a planner's scale model. Bottom right is the palace of the forward-looking Ruler, who has built a large guest-house for important foreign visitors. Houses for government officials and for school-teachers have also been built by the State

ABU DHABI JOINS THE OIL WORLD *continued from page 166*

168 It stands on an island, very close to the mainland and is the seat of Abu Dhabi's ruler—57-year-old Shiekh Shakbut Bin Sultan Bin Zaid—who succeeded in 1928. He lives in a picturesque sand-coloured palace on the outskirts of the town and occasionally visits his summer palace in Buraimi. Brought up in the frugal environment of the ruling family of Bedu tribesmen, the Sheikh has retained his simple way of life, despite the sudden wealth which oil has brought to his country. He receives with traditional Arab courtesy the flood of foreign businessmen, contractors and others now flocking to Abu Dhabi and weighs each of their proposals with careful deliberation.

The revenues from oil are enabling him to go ahead with large-scale developments. British consulting engineers have been commissioned to prepare a scheme for the expansion of Abu Dhabi town. Housing estates, two new schools and a port have already been built. An airport, postal and telegraphic services, banks and a modern hotel are among the other new amenities which provide the background for modern commercial operations.

Other developments include a 50-bed hospital, and a sea-water distillation plant which produces 25,000 gallons of fresh water daily to supplement the brackish well-water, previously the sole source of supply. Later fresh water may be piped from Buraimi where a new potential underground source has been found near the oasis. In Buraimi, too, new buildings climb into the bright sunshine. The area of cultivated land has been extended by drilling more wells. An agricultural adviser is now employed and once-arid land now supports Jersey cattle which appear to thrive.

All this has been achieved in less than two years, and for this far-off sheikhdom and its people the future is oil-rich in promise.

Above: The newly installed telephone service is a boon to businessmen like Mr Abdul Jillal, a prosperous merchant

Above right: Mohammed Bin Khalifa, the Government Labour Relations Officer, started his career as a student of the training centre run by Abu Dhabi Marine Areas

Right: This modern hotel, built by a Lebanese company, boasts comfort, service and good cuisine, but the high running costs mean high bills

Below right: The bulk of the British personnel is Scottish. On St. Andrew's night a candle-lit dinner was served in their dining room. The menu included Tay salmon and haggis

Left: Part of one of the new schools officially opened by Sheikh Shakbut Bin Sultan last December

Above: Released from lessons, children play outside the school at a village near the Buraimi Oasis

Left: Students at the Abu Dhabi Marine Areas training centre start their day with a p.t. session. The training of local boys is a major part of oil company policy and after 12 months' general instruction at the centre they go to Das Island as trainees and apprentices. A career with the company or sometimes with local government is open to the young people at the end of their training which may include a spell in the machine shops, tests in the laboratory and work on the separators. There are also classes in engineering, metal work and English

ABU DHABI JOINS THE OIL WORLD

continued from page 169

Right: This Arab technician is in charge of the control panel for power-house machinery

Below: Separators at Das Island

Centre above: Bespectacled Mike Daly, the fluent Arabist who is in charge of the training of local boys, chats with two of his class. In the lower picture a trainee conducts a test in the geological laboratory

Right: Taking warps from the French tanker *Saint Remi* at the Das Island tanker terminal. The berth consists of an old drilling platform, the legs of which have been permanently cemented to the sea bed

CALENDARS OF COMMERCE

S. Davies—"High Class Purveyor of Fresh Meats. Families Waited Upon Daily"—always sent us a calendar at Christmas. His calendars invariably had some connection, no matter how tenuous, with his trade and, since he had a fondness for the sombrely dignified, one came to expect "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Stag at Bay," that sort of thing: to understand that colourful pictures involving horses were "out" so far as S. Davies was concerned. So I remember particularly, because it came as such a surprise, a picture of a beautiful young lady in a long white dress standing humbly, sadly, by a sundial in a palatial garden. I cannot now remember the title of that picture. But it was evident that the girl was waiting for a sweetheart who would never come. Mr Davies, on the other hand, waited upon families daily. I had never before credited him with a sense of humour.

We always hung his calendar up in the kitchen where it could be clearly seen from the back door. That was tactful; it pleased Mr Davies. But, truly, we would have been mortified had we not received a calendar from him at Christmas. They were ghastly calendars from the ornamental point of view. And, of course, they were only an advertisement: S. Davies casting a few pennies from his profit for the year as bread upon the waters. You did not get a calendar if you were not a customer: of course, we knew that. It did not matter. What did matter was that S. Davies was prepared to spend a few pennies remembering his customers at Christmas. At the least, that showed that he knew who you were and where you lived.

Seth Davies is no more. For that matter, I should be astonished to find that there is now even one "High Class Purveyor of Fresh Meats" left in Britain, let alone one who is willing to wait upon families daily. Now we have butchers. And we wait upon them—in queues. But it is not just that Seth Davies is no more. What he, and his like, stood for is no more. The tradesman's calendar, which was an earnest of personal attention, is no more.

Of course, you may well ask what on earth one wants a calendar for these days. You can get the date from the radio early in the morning, you can get it from the daily paper, you can have a diary for your engagements. There really is no necessity to have the date stuck up on the wall as well. True enough. And true, too, that we British managed well enough for some 200 years with a calendar which was out-of-date with most of the rest of Europe: so out-of-date that, when we finally decided to fall into line in 1752, we were no fewer than 11 days astray. When the change was made, it was done by simply making September 2 September 14. Some people, prodded by politicians no doubt, did get a bit worked up about the "lost 11 days"—anyway, they made a glorious excuse for protest marches, and the English adore a good protest march. But they soon lost interest, because they could not remember the date. For the vast majority changing the calendar made not the slightest difference, had no impact at all. So long as he got his victuals the same as usual the average Englishman did not give a damn what officialdom called the day, whether September 2 or 14. He did not mind when they changed New Year's Day from March 25 to January 1. And that is what they did do in 1752.

Let it not be thought that it is merely the phlegmatic Englishman who takes this sort of thing in his stride. The Russians, the Rumanians, the Serbians, and one or two others whom we are inclined to regard as a little temperamental, did not change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar until May, 1923. When they did—heaven alone knows how far astray they were by then—the adjustment involved must have been considerable. Yet no one seems to have been in the least put out. For the Russian no less than the Englishman it is the day, not the date, that matters. As a species we are not calendar-minded.

I am an exception. I like calendars. Which is why I missed the local tradesmen's calendars so much. And they, I fear, have gone forever; for the self-service store, the supermarket, does not think in terms of personal attention, does not, indeed, think in terms of person at all, and this is the attitude that is becoming all pervasive.

I am, therefore, all the more intrigued by the calendar movement growing up in some big national and international concerns, and the different use to which the calendar is now being put. No longer do you just get a beautiful picture and the year's dates. Now you get information. On my desk, as I write, is the calendar of British Transport Hotels: a tastefully produced little calendar devoted to French Regional Cooking, which, I must admit, I had not hitherto associated with British Transport Hotels. We are going to find this exceptionally useful during the coming year. This calendar, by the way, came to me with the compliments of the Manager of an hotel in which I have not stayed this year: the managers of the six British Transport Hotels in which I have stayed this year ignored the fact. No doubt there is a reason for this!

But the calendar of the year, one which really deserves a page of praise to itself, is Whitbread's. It is devoted to the weather, a pretty tricky subject. It is beautifully illustrated—and not with the sort of pictures that you would expect—and with each month there is a mine of information, maps and so forth, contributed by recognised authorities. It is not merely an exceptionally decorative calendar: it is a meteorological encyclopaedia in miniature. I get so absorbed in it that I forget all about the date.

Too many firms overlook the decorative appeal of calendars. At The Design Centre, Haymarket, London, a display of well-designed calenders and diaries from leading firms in many fields is on show until February 22

THE HEEL OF ITALY

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

The temperature that July early morning as we crossed part of the great wheat plain of Tavoliere di Puglia towards the Gargano peninsula, was already approaching 80. And indeed one could expect it, for this was Apulia, the deep southern province of the Adriatic which embraces not only the 'spur' of the long Italian boot, but the entire heel as well.

Apulia has four main cities—Foggia, Bari, Brindisi and Lecce—and four main topographical divisions: the Gargano peninsula (the 'spur'), the Tavoliere (plains), the Murge hills, and the Salento peninsula (the 'heel'). It includes a considerable and the least developed share of the Adriatic coast and, in addition to the main Adriatic Highway, is criss-crossed by innumerable minor roads of excellent surface and blessedly light traffic. Add to this the grottoes, the strange architecture, the long history and the guaranteed sunshine and there is little more one could wish for except, perhaps, a wider choice of hotels from which to enjoy it.

The Gargano peninsula is reached in under an hour by car from the inland city of Foggia and, for sheer sustained drama of scenery, this rugged mass rising out of the Adriatic would be very hard to beat. For mile after mile, the road proceeds through a series of Alpine twists through these precipitous, thirsty mountains with plunging views on to the most dramatic of coastlines. Here and there, a white village clusters by a bay and a stretch of beach bakes silently between the cliffs. Yet the splendour is not entirely one of arid desolation. With complete unexpectedness in the eastern heights of the peninsula you find yourself first passing between hedgerows that are heavy with cow parsley and a-tangle with blackberry bushes, then entering a forest that is as deep and green and cool as anything the Home Counties have to offer. This marvellous greenness extends to the north-eastern coast of the peninsula where it frames the small resorts of Rodi Garganico, S. Menaio, Peschici and Vieste. Accommodation is simple, except for the Autostello run by the Italian Automobile Club at S. Menaio and at the vast holiday village projected at Manacore, not far from Peschici, whose first stages are now completed and include a magnificent first-class hotel (the Gusmay) and a motel sited a mere 20 yards from a glorious beach. Peschici itself is the prettiest of places, overlooking a wide bay.

Two other outstanding features of the peninsula are the small mountain towns of Monte Sant'Angelo and San Giovanni. The Basilica of Monte Sant'Angelo, built over the grotto where St. Michael appeared, is a great pilgrimage centre of deep religious feeling. San Giovanni Rotondo is the home of a living saint, Padre Pio, who, for more than 40 years, has borne the marks of the Stigmata and whose saintliness and simplicity make him among the most revered men in Italy.

The rail journey from Foggia to Bari takes an hour-and-a-half across the plains which narrow gradually into a coastal strip where vineyards predominate and groves of olive and almond make an increasing appearance. Bari, a big bustling city and seaside centre (Nazioni Hotel has fine views over the seafront), is also well placed for excursions and well endowed with its own ancient monuments. Among them is the beautiful romanesque Basilica of St. Nicholas, from which later overlays of Baroque have been largely removed, and which provided the prototype of so much fine romanesque architecture in Apulia. The bones of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, patron saint of all children, lie in the crypt.

Almost an equal distance to the south-east are the Castellana Grottoes in the Murge Hills. The rival claims of the many grottoes of Europe make comparisons rather invidious, but I can only say that the inner grottoes of Castellana which lie about a mile from the entrance, are the most awe-inspiring I have ever seen, for nature has not spared one square inch of surface in the exquisite white tracery of this silent underworld.

The Grottoes are in the heart of Apulia's *trulli* country where these characteristic houses of the region—circular constructions with cone-shaped roofs of uncemented stonework—are such a picturesque feature of the landscape. About ten miles from Castellana, Alberobello is one of the chief *trulli* villages and here the delightful Hotel dei Trulli provides accommodation in self-contained *trulli*, each composed of bedroom, bathroom and living room, in a garden setting with meals served in a central restaurant. Though away from the sea, it would be an idyllic place for a quiet few days.

On the sea, about 20 miles from Bari, Polignano is a lovely little place of narrow streets and white houses perched on low cliffs that are riddled with caves. A new small first-class hotel, the Grotta Palazzese, is built on part of these cliffs with direct access to the caves beneath it. Closer to Bari, Torre a Mare has a pretty harbour bordered by several restaurants and a bathing club, Circolo des Forestieri, whose use is free to those staying in first- and second-class hotels in Bari and which provides a quiet alternative to the good but crowded bathing of Bari itself.

Three and a quarter hours by rail from Bari via Brindisi (launching point for the car and passenger ferries to Greece) lies Lecce, and this is the most remarkable Apulian city of all. Called the Florence of the south, the old quarters consist of a labyrinth of narrow ways, where a carved balcony or doorway here, a fountain there, is forever causing one to stop and stare. The Cathedral and Sta Croce Basilica offer a riot of exuberant Baroque; in the heart of the city, a Roman amphitheatre keeps its own clear space amid the business houses. Nor is there any lack of Romanesque remains. Three first-class hotels include one of the excellent Jolly chain.

Lecce lies about eight miles from the sea, and scattered along the coast which stretches down along this 'heel' of Italy are a number of small towns and villages, most of them little developed for tourists. S. Cataldo is the closest to Lecce, but Otranto, 25 miles to the south, has much more character as well as a very fine Cathedral. Most charming of all is Castro Marina, seven miles farther on, where the local tourist association runs a restaurant close to the entrance of some grottoes. Unfortunately, there are, as yet, no hotels in this pretty village built round a series of rocky coves—each of which is a photographer's delight—though one could stay either at Otranto (second-class Miramare) or at S. Cesarea Terme (only about four miles away), where the large, old-fashioned Palace Hotel is rather optimistically rated as second-class.

Above: The beach at Otranto, on the heel of Italy
Right: The Adriatic Sea seen from steps leading down from Peschici on the Gargano Peninsular

This stretch of coast south of Otranto is backed by a highish plateau from which there are continuously marvellous views on to the brilliantly coloured sea. It is hot, arid, desolate, this southernmost piece of Adriatic coast, the ultimate in contrasts with the far-famed beaches of the north.

For further information: Italian State Tourist Office, 201 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Means of access: London-Bari by air (by Alitalia, BEA, etc. to Rome, thence Alitalia), from about £49 to £61 8s tourist excursion, according to time of travel; about £97 18s 1st-class return to Rome, tourist-class only Rome-Bari. London-Brindisi* direct by British Eagle, from £45 10s to £58 13s tourist excursion, according to time of travel.

By surface travel, London-Foggia about £28 2nd-class return; about £45 1st-class return.

An alternative would be to fly London-Rimini by British Eagle or Alitalia, and continue by rail (Rimini-Foggia, about 6½ hours).

** Subject to Government approval at time of going to press.*

ATLANTIC AIR FARES

At last a real attempt has been made to cut fares by air across the North Atlantic. From April 1 it will be possible to buy a 14-21 day excursion ticket from London to Montreal for only £98 19s. Except for certain peak weeks from May 22 to August 3 eastbound, and from July 17 to September 28 westbound, return economy-class fares from London to New York will be reduced from £178 11s to £142 10s, a saving of £36. The return jet fare between London and Montreal will be £131 14s—instead of £167 14s. Similar reductions in price will apply to other destinations in North America from Manchester and Prestwick as well as from London. Very little will be saved by passengers travelling during the ten peak weeks of the year, probably only a matter of £5 at the most. First-class fares will also be affected: London to New York return fare will go down from £322 7s to £254 11s, or if the passenger travels from Prestwick, the return fare will only be £241 12s.

Excursion fares which should not be confused with return economy fares, since they are only available for stays of 14 to 21 days, will apply during the period from February 15 to November 5 for departures on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, with the exception of eastbound, June 12 to July 12, and August 7 to August 30; and westbound, June 5 to June 28 and August 21 to September 13. And one other proviso, these new fares do not of course come into force this year until April 1. The saving will be considerable between London and New York. £71 8s has been knocked off the lowest summer fare of £178 11s, which is now only £107 3s. Inclusive tours are also affected. A fortnight's holiday in North America can now be arranged through any travel agent for less than £140.

It must be realised that these new fares come under three categories, Thrift Season Economy, Summer Season Economy and Economy Excursions. Provided it is fully understood that an excursion return fare applies to a period between two weeks to three weeks, and that economy fares apply to longer periods there should be no difficulty.

Similar reductions now apply to air services between Britain and the Caribbean as well as parts of South America. Cuts of up to £67 will be made from April 1. **W.D.C.C.**

Left: The Basilica at Monte Sant'Angelo, Gargano
Below: At Torre Dell'Orso in Apulia, is a new estate of holiday villas which overlooks the beach

CAPERS THE WORLD OVER

174 **The Edinburgh Caper** by St. Clair McKelway: Gollancz. 18s, describes the author's adventures when on a holiday in Scotland three or four years ago. Some of these exploits are based on solid fact, some the product of the vivid and imaginative mind of one of the *New Yorker*'s most distinguished contributors. Mr McKelway describes the book himself as a one-man international plot, and as far as it is classifiable at all that is a pretty good phrase for it. The author was visiting Edinburgh partly to see if he could trace his ancestral line—which he did—and partly to enjoy the company of new friends and acquaintances in a city where he felt himself to be among compatriots. At the same time he thought that he detected signs of a plot to kidnap President Eisenhower, the Queen and possibly Prince Philip. All this imagining, as he explains to interested parties in the Scottish police and the American Intelligence, is going on in one of his heads while another more realistic head argues that this is fiction run wild. It is impossible in such a brief summary to convey the charm, the humour and the fantasy of this beautifully written book which the master, Mr P. G. Wodehouse, has described as being " as charming as *Alice in Wonderland*."

A Legacy by Sybille Bedford: Collins. 21s, was first published in 1956 and has now been reissued for the pleasure of those who missed it on its earlier appearance. I was one of these and can sincerely say that I am grateful to the publishers for providing an opportunity to read a most civilised and graceful novel, wide in scope, European in setting and concerned in a style of the greatest clarity with the ramifications of a big Anglo-German-Jewish family at the turn of the century. Mrs Bedford has given us an extraordinarily lucid picture of the changing political and religious phases in the Kaiser's Germany, shown us Prussian militarism and catholic hierarchies and woven her tapestry in bright but subtle colours. I recommend her novel to anyone who appreciates such a leisurely and cultivated work. For myself, I found it difficult to leave for such prosaic matters as meals or business.

Early Summer by Anna Sevier: Constable. 18s. This novel tells of another kind of summer adventure but, unlike Mr McKelway's, one that is recounted without the leaven of humour and with the portentous seriousness of the very young. The author is a young American herself and writes about an even younger American girl who has been for six months with her parents in France and now, before the return to Virginia, is spending a few days alone in Cannes to give herself the final treat of independence. Almost at once she meets a group of other young Americans and is very soon in love; an inconvenient emotion as she knows she must rejoin her father and mother for the journey home. The interlude is partly idyllic, partly fraught with tensions. Miss Sevier has complete sympathy with her heroine and there are some astute pieces of observation but, frankly, her style tends to be overloaded with Fine Writing and there is a good deal—in fact much too much—of the " waking is the slow outfolding of sleep-leaves that turns me open to the sun " sort of thing.

Voyage In, Voyage Out by Jean Rikhoff: Jonathan Cape. 21s, is another American novel, far more realistic and at the same time profound. In this long story about a week in the lives of a family in a provincial city Miss Rikhoff takes a firm hold on the complex criss-cross of family ties and relationships and succeeds marvellously well with her characterisation of a big group mostly consisting of aunts and nieces. Here again though, there is no more than a hint of humour and the reader occasionally has the feeling that there is more doom about the place than he can reasonably deal with. What does emerge is a strong impression of kinships so close that they are more important than the frequent dislike or contempt which they conceal. An interesting, readable novel on the whole for all its lack of lightness.

O Stranger, The World by Christopher Leach: W. H. Allen. 18s, is a dramatic story set in the Arabian desert where a company is making a documentary film. The unit is headed by an odd director with a contempt for what he calls civilisation and a professed sympathy for primitive peoples. In fact, this preference comes from an underlying weakness in any personal relationship which is not quite casual and straightforward and the man himself is not far from nursing a death wish. As script writer he has chosen a young poet who has narrowly missed suicide and as adviser he has an archaeologist who, rather unusually, hates the country and despises its people. Mr Leach writes of this sombre band of film makers with their satellites and at least one wife in a matter of fact way and, to the possible unease of the reader, in the present tense. I don't know why the historic present should tend to take the reality out of a tale but even the evident drama of this one seems to be affected by it.

Sundry Debtors by John McGhee: Robert Hale. 12s 6d, comes from Australia and is a novel set against a background of trade in heavy engineering. This is the kind of world in which one might expect to meet a tough tycoon or two and Mr McGhee provides us with the portrait of just such a man of driving force, energy and on occasion ruthlessness. The setting is admirably

VISITING NAPOLEON'S ISLAND

Aspects of Elba by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve: Cape. 30s.

A Concise History of Italy by Eric Whelpton: Robert Hale. 21s.

Italian Drawings Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 35s.

A History of Venezuela by Guillermo Morón: Allen and Unwin. 30s.

Cuba: *An American Tragedy*, by Robert Scheer and Maurice Zeitlin: Penguin Special. 5s.

Four Centuries of Banking by George Chandler: Batsford. 35s.

Monetary Policy: *Ends and Means*, by Paul Einzig: Pelican Original. 7s 6d.

Averil Mackenzie-Grieve, who for a while made her home on Elba, not unnaturally developed a considerable curiosity about the islands of the Tuscan archipelago, a curiosity she was unable to satisfy because of the sparseness of the literature on the subject. Napoleana, of course, there is in plenty; perhaps too much! Napoleon's daily life, his plans for the iron industry, for Elban agriculture, for a merchant navy, and his eventual escape from " mon royaume bien petit " have all been recorded in minutest detail, not to mention some of his less profound sayings. The author grudgingly devotes one chapter to the Emperor, and for the rest ranges far and wide over the history of the island, its glamorous little neighbour Montecristo, the gem that is Giannutri, Giglio, Gorgona, and Capraia, all of which once formed part of a sunken mountain range extending towards Corsica and Sardinia. Averil Mackenzie-Grieve writes with charm and enthusiasm for an Elba that is vanishing beneath the latest wave of Mediterranean tourism, but in some of the more roadless parts of Elba the manners and customs she so charmingly describes may well survive for a long while to come. They are certainly enshrined in her glowing pages.

Eric Whelpton, well accustomed to the disciplines of the spoken and the written word, has imposed on himself a hard task in compiling *A Concise History of Italy*. He traces the development of the Italian peninsula from its roots in Etruscan civilisation to the creation of the Republic at the close of the Second World War. The energetic splendour of the Renaissance, of course, commands a full measure of the author's interest; but his attempt is to make a balanced picture, and the gloom of the subsequent Spanish domination which only Venice and Savoy could really escape, broods over the middle chapters as also does the rude awakening of the Napoleonic era which paved the way in turn for the Risorgimento and the awakening of the Italian national spirit. Mr Whelpton may have produced no profound work of scholarship, but here is a bold and successful attempt to tackle a problem of popular historical presentation.

Perhaps the finest flowering of Italian culture through the ages is revealed in Winslow Ames' delightful volume *Italian Drawings from the 15th to the 18th centuries*. Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Bellini contribute to the wealth of these pages, and there are also many charming representations of the rococo and the baroque.

Two republics in the heart of the Americas where extremes of riches and poverty and extremes of political thought and action have held sway in modern times are Venezuela and Cuba. In his powerfully presented *History of Venezuela*, Dr Guillermo Morón, one of his country's leading historians, emphasises the utterly ruthless nature of the Spanish conquest, which occupied nearly the whole of the 16th century; and yet he shows, too, how the feeling for liberty was strong in the conquerors who struck out for themselves in a new brave world. What the Spaniards failed to understand was that the cultures they themselves were trampling upon would by intermixture in some degree assimilate them. The dictatorship of Gomez, and the transformation of agricultural Venezuela into an oil-rich nation, play an important part in the later stages of this volume, which emphasises factors that point favourably to racial mixing in South America. Venezuelans would not be

conveyed and the vitality which is so often an Australian quality shows through every chapter.

A Cage of Humming-Birds by June Drummond: Gollancz. 21s, is the work of a South African writer who knows her country well enough to present it in its contemporary colours and, as in this new novel, as it has been in the past 40 years. Her story deals with two Durban families, closely united and generally presenting a common front to the world till they are both affected by the influence of an outsider, a person with telepathic powers which make their mark even on a group so consolidated. Miss Drummond's chief attribute as a novelist is her compelling ability to tell a story and this fresh novel of hers confirms her place not only in South African but in English letters.

The Coin of Carthage by Bryher: Collins. 18s, has the Second Punic War as its background and the great struggle between Hannibal and Rome as its theme, seen through the fates of two Greek traders who travel through Italy and Africa obsessed as much by the spirit of adventure as by the motive of financial gain. This subtle and rewarding writer has produced a volume which is both history and allegory and which maintains its crystal clearness of style.

Death of a Dreamer by Douglas Warner: Cassell. 15s, is a story of police work from the inside and of two very unconventional police officers. The younger of them, a detective-sergeant, has been newly appointed to the CID Drugs Squad, working under a man he greatly admires and whom he gradually comes to realise is deeply implicated himself in this sordid traffic. Mr Warner has a pleasantly crisp narrative style and his practical knowledge of police methods gives his book an especial authority.

Vernon Fane

what they are today but for the Indian of Venezuelan history, who was such a factor in the formation of the creoles. Only through miscegenation, the author shows, has the aborigine joined civilisation.

Cuba: an American Tragedy is the work of Robert Scheer and Maurice Zeitlin, who, in this Penguin Special, make a study of the island's history since it fell under the American aegis at the turn of the century. Here dictatorship and corruption were allowed to breed because of the absence of an enlightened policy, such for instance as that generously meted out to the luckier and neighbouring Puerto Rico.

George Chandler's *Four Centuries of Banking* is a surprisingly human document, and is indeed not intended at all as an economic treatise but as the story of the development of Martins in London and Liverpool. Men like Sir Thomas Gresham, Court Banker to Queen Elizabeth, and Edward Backwell, special agent to Charles II, are among those who enliven these pages, which appear appropriately to mark Martins' four-hundredth anniversary. *Monetary Policy: Ends and Means*, is a revision of an earlier volume by Paul Einzig, who incorporates in it the findings of the Radcliffe Committee on the Working of the Monetary System. The great virtue of this monetary *vade-mecum* is the use of non-technical language.

Richard Edmonds

THE NEW "MIKADO"

DONALD SOUTHERN

THE D'Oyly Carte Company's new production of *The Mikado* at the Savoy Theatre has fresh scenery, designed by Disley Jones, revised groupings and a return to essentials, sparked by a careful reading by producer Anthony Besch of W. S. Gilbert's prompt-books.

With John Reed (right) as the irrepressible Ko-Ko and Kenneth Sandford as Poo-Bah, *The Mikado* is one of the operas which D'Oyly Carte will take on tour after the company leaves the Savoy in the middle of March. They will spend two weeks in Leeds from April 13, four-and-a-half weeks in Manchester from April 29 and also plan a short season in Morecambe and a four-week trip to Ireland. In September they start a six-month coast-to-coast tour of America which will take them to New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **C. F. J. YOUNGER**

Mr Charles Frank Johnston Younger, D.S.O., T.D., a Director of Scottish and Newcastle Breweries Ltd., of Edinburgh, is the new Chairman of the Brewers' Society, London, and the first member of a Scottish brewery company to be elected to this office since the establishment of the Brewers' Society in 1904. He first became a member of the Brewers' Society Council in 1952, and subsequently served for two years as Chairman of their Parliamentary Committee. Born in 1908, Mr Younger was educated at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. He served with the Royal Navy from 1926 until 1937 when he joined William Younger and Co. Ltd., the Scottish brewery company which dates back to 1749. Mr Younger is a direct descendant of the founder. In World War II, he served in the Royal Artillery from 1939-45, commanding the 129th Lowland Field Regiment, R.A. Burma from 1942 until 1945 and the 278th Lowland Field Regiment, R.A., T.A. after the war until 1952. Mr Younger is a Director of the Bank of Scotland and of the Norwich Union, Scottish Union and Maritime Insurance Companies. He is a member of the Royal Company of Archers (Queen's Body Guard for Scotland). He lives at Gledrose, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, where he farms 300 acres. A member of Boodle's, Pratt's, Flyfishers', New (Edinburgh), and Northern Counties (Newcastle), his recreations are shooting, fishing and stalking

DANGER OF FIRE

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

One of the reasons why reinforced concrete has been making such advances in British building in recent years, partly at the expense of structural steel, is the rather generally accepted view that steel-framed buildings are more vulnerable to fire damage, unless the girders are encased in elaborate insulated cladding that puts their cost up considerably. This view is generally accepted among architects, builders, town planners and fire insurance companies: whether it is necessarily right is another matter.

The steel industry doesn't believe it. And to demonstrate its belief the British Iron and Steel Federation has paid for a section of a block of flats, built to London County Council specifications, to be built with steel framing at Boreham Wood in Herts, simply for the purpose of being burned down. The industry's own experts, assisting the staff of the Fire Research Station, will be there to study the effects of different kinds of fire upon the steel framework, and to see how much distortion does result in the whole structure.

The Fire Research Station is accustomed to burning buildings down to see how it happens. Not many industries have so specific an effect of fire risk upon the competitive performance of their products to consider as steel has; nevertheless, fire vulnerability is a factor that all architects and the designers of many other kinds of fabricated "final products" need to consider, along with production engineers planning the layout of industrial plant and stores. Fire damage cost Britain some £65 million last year, or about as much as the total turnover of some small industries: it is not a thing that industrialists can afford to ignore.

Statistically, the cost of fire damage seems nowadays to rise as fast or a shade faster than the national income. In Britain it amounts to perhaps 0·2 per cent. of national income (which is better than in the United States where the figure is about 0·3 per cent.). As a society gets richer, does it get more inflammable? The answer seems to be that economic growth means an increase in the number of buildings at risk—and also an increase in the "national stock" of powered machinery, in which the possibility of ignition or short circuits tends to multiply.

In Britain, it is doubtful whether the long-run cost of fires to the economy is growing faster than national income, though it has done so in some recent years. The really marked increase has been in large fires—which the insurance companies' Fire Protection Association defines arbitrarily as those costing £10,000 or more. ("Giant fires" are those costing £750,000 or more: few take place, but when several happen to be "bunched" in one year, they throw the ordinary run of statistics right out.)

Since about 1958 fires costing £10,000 to £750,000 (i.e., leaving out the random occurrence of "giant" fires) have roughly trebled in number, against an increase of about 40 per cent. in the total number of fires, and of 26 per cent. in national income. Their cost averages between £50,000 and £60,000 each. The metals and engineering industries are responsible for the biggest single proportion of these large fires, reckoned by value: a majority of the total number occur in manufacturing. About a third of them break out in store rooms and places unoccupied most of the time, and three-fifths of them occur at night time. This is not true of fires as a whole, of which there are four by day for every three at night.

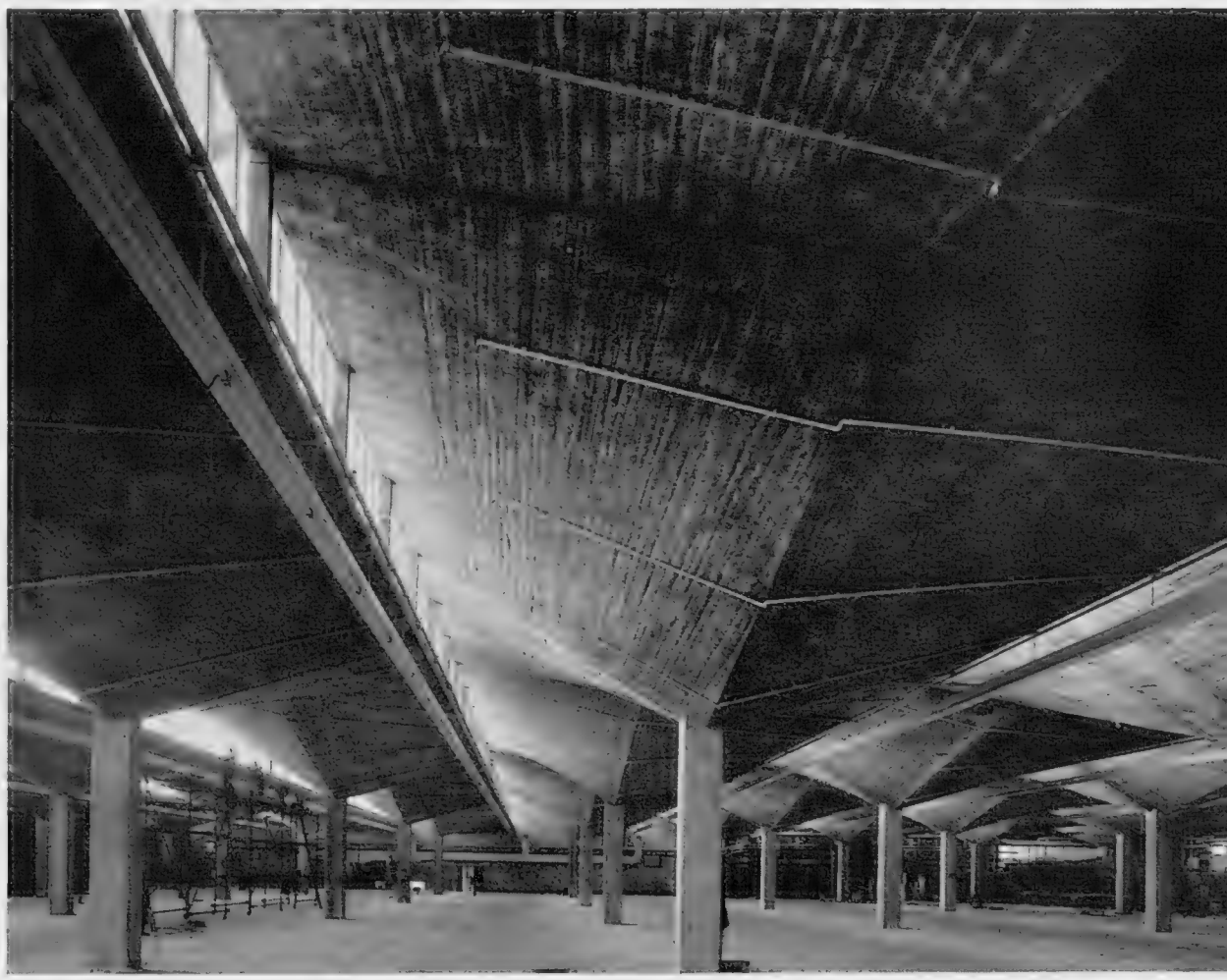
How do the fires start? Electricity and smoking seem to be the main "proximate" causes: carelessness is almost always the primary one, fire experts say with disillusion. But the circumstances in which outbreaks of fire can take hold and spread in a big building often arise from lack of managerial provision for protection against it. Quite a high proportion of businessmen pay their fire insurance, provide any minimum means of protection that safety regulations or the insurance company stipulate, and ignore the risk from that point onwards.

Automatic protection can be built into any new structure with sprinkler systems, which have been available for many years, but which a surprising proportion of businesses still disregard. These systems can be costly: they cannot necessarily give 100 per cent. protection, since in any year's record there are usually one or two cases of sprinkler systems coming into operation belatedly or not generally enough. Nevertheless, they provide by far the best form of fire protection generally available: automatic warning systems that notify the fire station are equally dependable, but involve rather more delay in starting to deal with the fire.

Protection against major fire damage, however, is a matter of structural design as well as of apparatus. Internal walls are needed to cut off areas where potential sources of ignition are housed: and doors in them need to be kept shut. These requirements sometimes conflict with the technical requirements of production apparatus, such as long banks of interconnected machinery or big expanses of clerical space; nevertheless, some concern with the possible spread of fire can pay invisible dividends.

In this country the production of fire detection and fire fighting equipment can hardly be called an industry in itself: but it forms an important sideline for quite a number of engineering companies, with one or two firms concentrating upon supply to fire brigades as well as to their potential customers.

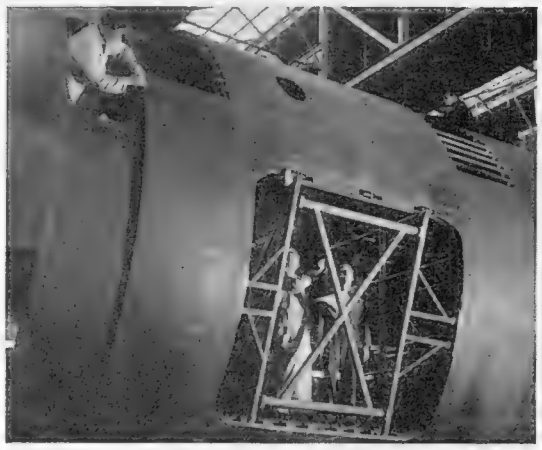
Fire damage exacts a fairly high cost in lives, too—567 last year—though a considerable proportion of these were in homes and not business premises. But carelessness seems to play as large a part in causing those at work as those at home. With the steady rise in fire losses, the pressure on fire insurance premiums must be upwards. It is becoming worthwhile for the insurers, the construction industries and the manufacturers of safety equipment to spend an increasing amount on research and development. And it will profit their customers to pay more attention to this burning question.



At Stevenage, Hertfordshire, a warehouse built for the John Lewis Partnership by Trollope and Colls Ltd. incorporates sprinklers and lighting strips in the roof. The unusual concrete hyperbolic paraboloid shells were designed by Felix Candela, the Mexican specialist in this type of roof, in collaboration with Clarke, Nicholls and Marcel, engineers, and the architects Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall. Drainpipes run down the centre of each of the columns. Precast concrete mullions link adjacent shells with metal glazing bars in between

LONG-RANGE FREIGHTER FOR THE RAF

178

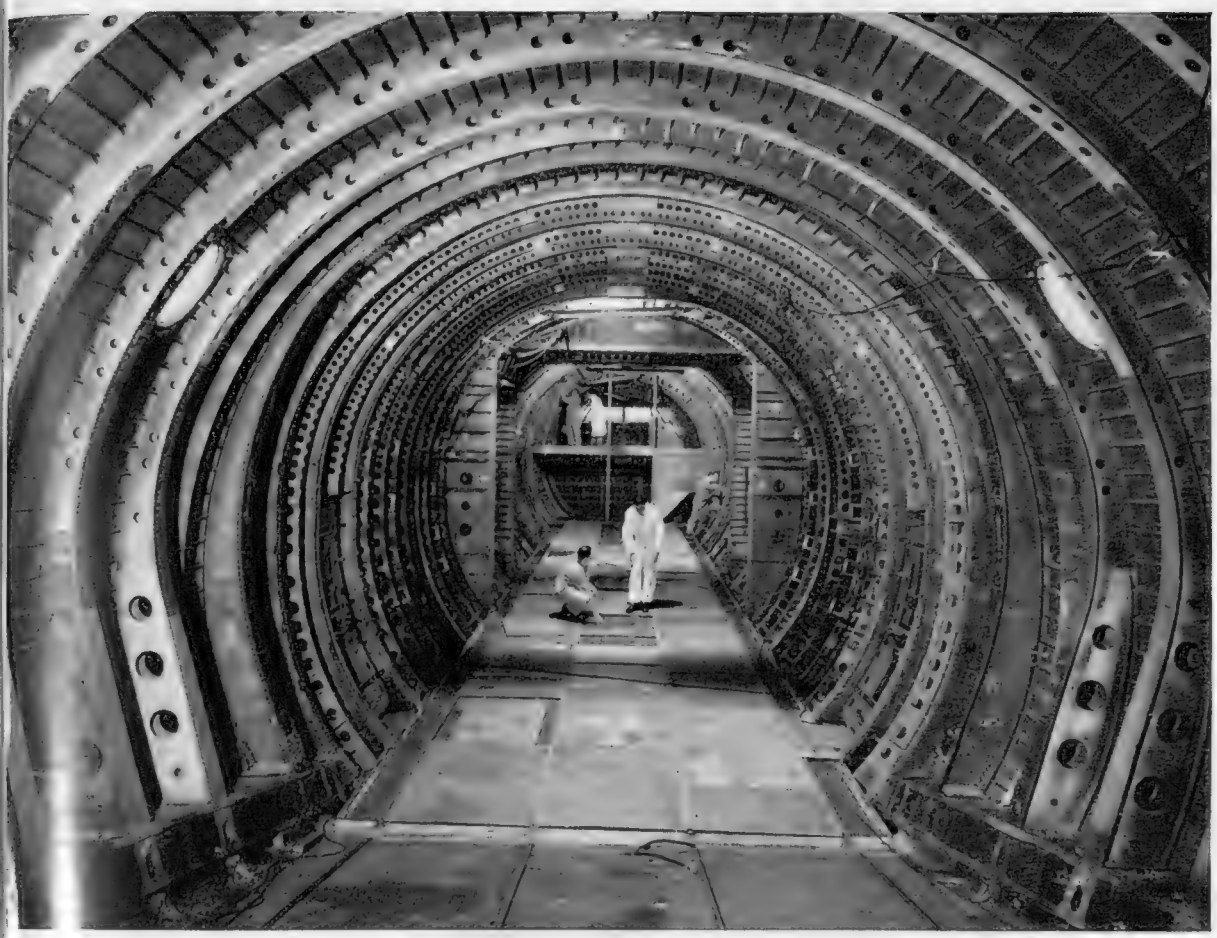


Above: Britain's new long-range freight aircraft, the Belfast, is shown here under construction at Short Brothers and Harland's works on Queen's Island

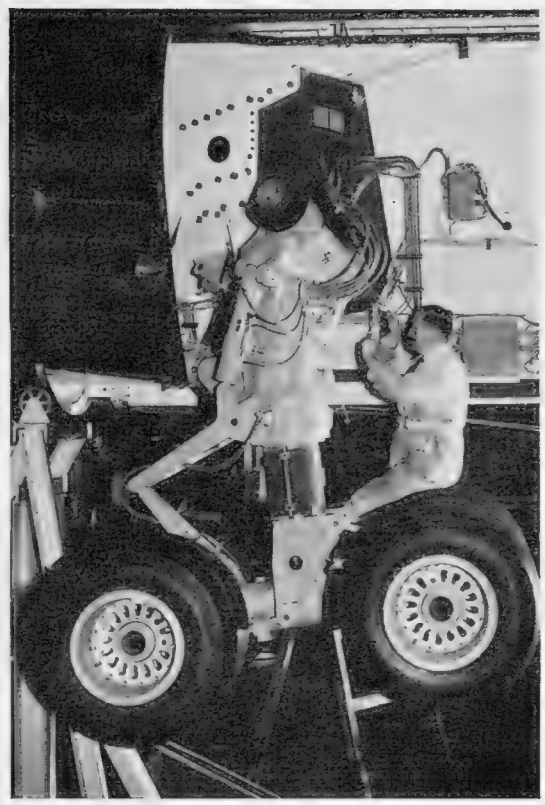
Top: The Belfast flying above clouds from Aldergrove, Northern Ireland

Right: The Belfast's fuselage under construction

With the recent maiden flight of its new strategic freighter, the Belfast, the Royal Air Force took off for a new era in transport flying. By 1965 there will be ten of these giant aircraft in squadron service, enabling Transport Command to provide more effective support for the Army Strategic Reserve in its task of flying men and equipment to the trouble-spots of the world. Built by Short Brothers and Harland, the initial military version of the Belfast is powered by four Rolls-Royce R.Ty.12 engines driving 16 ft. propellers and has an all-up weight of 225,000 lb. It is now undergoing an 850 hours development programme. The aircraft can carry 25,000 lb. payload over 5,200 miles at 340 m.p.h.



Left: The enormous hold of the Short Belfast freighter can carry guided weapons, armoured vehicles, lorries and even helicopters
Below: A technician makes an adjustment to the mechanism of the Belfast's giant undercarriage



RESILIENCE IN WALL STREET

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The rise in London share prices last year set a pace which outstripped every other important investment centre. On average they went up by an impressive 23 per cent., easily beating Wall Street (16·9 per cent.) and Sydney (21·9 per cent.), and causing distinct envy on such bourses as Rome, Paris and Tokyo, which actually went down—by anything between 12 and 18 per cent.—in the course of 1963.

But such periods of euphoria rarely last long even on the best regulated stock exchanges. And already, in the first few weeks of the New Year, London has started to weaken and slip backwards, as election doubts begin to make themselves felt. It is now America and Australia which have broken through into the lead—both recording peaks for their local share-price indices as high as has ever been known. And even the most insular of investors may find it worth while looking abroad.

Wall Street, in particular, is in an extremely interesting situation at the moment. And, although British investors are bound to look very cautiously at US stocks for as long as the dollar premium remains at its present height (a distinctly inhibiting 11-12 per cent.), there could still be useful profits there—especially as Throgmorton Street is likely to drift and sag pretty miserably until we know whether it is Sir Alec or Mr Wilson who will be returning triumphantly to Westminster.

The main doubt overhanging US business has been the status of the long-awaited Tax Reduction Bill—that nearly £4,000 million will-o'-the-wisp which at last seems to be hardening into a genuine fiscal carrot. Under the spurs of President Johnson the necessary legislation is passing through the Senate at high speed, and it looks as though the basic decision—a two stage cut in company tax from 52 per cent. to 48 per cent. between now and 1965—will be through by the spring.

Main point of the tax cuts is to prolong the now-three-year-old period of US economic recovery, which has looked a bit shaky recently, under the hammer blows of Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara. Vast aircraft, space and missile programmes have been successively shot down in flames—F-105, RB-70, Skybolt, DynaSoar—and now President Johnson is adding to the list.

In all these projects, thousands of millions of dollars have been sunk; great companies, like General Dynamics and Republic Aircraft, have gambled their whole future, and entire new industries—like chemical milling and honeycomb stainless steel—have been ruined overnight.

But the fundamental characteristic of US business is resilience. No company has been more heavily committed to space and missile technology than IBM. But the computer giant has managed to squirm successfully out from under the toppling defence pyramid, and chalk up record results once again, as it has every year since the war.

Despite IBM, it is probably true in general that the electronic meteors are to be avoided (though Schlumberger, half oil exploration, half electronics, and tough all through, still looks attractive well below its 1963 peak. And it enjoys the great advantage of being quoted on London, thus avoiding the dollar premium). But some of the older and more traditional industries, after years of stagnation, are suddenly showing energetic signs of new life. Alcoa, the aluminium giant, has had such a bad time with its basic product that people were beginning to think of it more as the property partner of the electric Mr Zeckendorff (whose misfortunes recently embroiled Second Covent Garden in London). Now, at last, this most disappointing of growth metals looks like coming right. And Alcoa will certainly reap the rewards long before the unhappy British Aluminium end of Tube Investments.

American banking remains a mystery to most Britons—the anti-trust laws, the inability to set up branches outside your native state, and so on, make it difficult to sort out prospects. But to get round the major expansion problem, the banking holding company, which is essentially a loose federation of banks, is becoming increasingly powerful and popular. And the movement looks to have distinct investment attractions. Biggest group is Western Bancorporation, covering 11 western states, including California (a fact recognised by its 2·5 per cent. yield). But growing just as fast, with less recognition, is Marine Midland, a £100 billion concern based on Buffalo, New York, and I would reckon its 4·45 per cent. return among the most attractive in the States at the moment.

Worthwhile on Wall Street

	Price ($)	Yield (%)	Price/ Earnings Ratio
Marine Midland	33	4·45	17·5
Western Bancorporation ..	40	2·5	30
Alcoa	72	1·7	28
Schlumberger ..	62	1·6	15
IBM	533	0·9	61

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

180 Speculation about the future of the revolutionary NSU-Wankel engine, which F. Perkins, the Peterborough diesel engine manufacturers, have a licence to develop and produce, was raised again by a new appointment. Mr Horace S. Rainbow, who joined Perkins in 1959 from the aeronautical division of Armstrong Siddeley at Coventry, where he was chief project engineer, is transferring from being chief engineer of the outboard motor division to head the group's advanced projects division. Since the immediate future of the Wankel was thought to lie in the marine field in Britain, this wider scope given to Mr Rainbow could herald some new thinking on the subject.

Mr Rainbow brings wide experience to his job in the aero division of Bristol Aircraft and a spell as chief designer of aircraft gas turbines to Sir Roy Feddon Ltd., at Cheltenham. At Armstrong Siddeley he was closely associated with the Viper and Sapphire series of turbo-jets and did much early work on vertical take-off and supersonic aircraft as well as on gas turbines and gas generator engines for road vehicles. More than 40 inventions stand to his credit, and engine and research workers in Europe, Canada and the United States know him well for his contribution to the pace of technical progress.

A famous colliery closes

As its almost identical namesake has done, "The Fair Lady" is to close—though after a very much longer run. Seventy years, in fact. Even on Cannock Chase miners are not notably sentimental towards their pits, yet the name was bestowed on Coppice Colliery, one of the oldest in the Cannock area, after the wife of a former owner. An idea for Lord Robens—what poetic flights of fancy might enliven dull official letter-heads if the practice could be made general.

More handbags from Elbief Ltd.

Somehow I had never thought of handbag making as a traditional craft handed down from father to son through generations. I was wrong. The Birmingham company of Elbief Ltd., which came to the market this week (January 27) with a share offer, goes back at least four generations in the Prais family. Three brothers sit on the board today under their father, Mr Samuel Prais, who is chairman and managing director. Their great-grandfather was making handbags and their frames—the product of Elbief—in Poland well over 100 years ago. The family moved to Germany, and Mr Samuel left there as a refugee in 1934.

He came to London and set up in business with his brother-in-law; another branch of the family went to Brazil, where they are still making handbag frames. In 1935 a Board of Trade suggestion that Birmingham's traditions of metal working and of jewellery made it a more suitable centre was accepted, and a small second floor factory in the Jewellery Quarter was the start of the success story. After making aircraft parts during the war the company built its own factory of 70,000 square feet in the suburban area of Warstock; major additions were made in 1960-62, to increase output by half, and now another 50 per cent. expansion plan is under way.

In large part this continuing expansion is due to changing materials. Wider use of plastics for handbags has brought their price down, so that the woman who used to own one now changes her handbag when she changes her clothes. Nor is this just a British phenomenon. Over a third of the company's turnover comes from exports to more than 20 countries. At the same time, Elbief's directors believe they can capture an even greater share of the market. They produce at any one time hundreds of different styles of frames, and it is their close progress control which enables them to achieve long production runs, cut costs, and claim to be the largest producer of handbag frames in the world.

The discussion of complaints

In these days not only the consumer needs looking after. Leicester and County Chamber of Commerce is to discuss members' complaints, going back over several months, about delays in postal, road and rail services (I am told the dossiers are thick) with the Post Office, British Railways and British Road Services. No doubt something useful will emerge. But will the representatives of the services concerned also discuss the complaints with their staffs? Or is it the systems that are wrong?

Rural industries organised production

I confess to a lifelong fascination with the small rural factory—often no more than a modernised blacksmith's forge—whose importance in its own community is no less than that of BMC or ICI in theirs. Therefore I was intrigued by the way Herefordshire light industries, ranging from plastics to turnery and metal work, are tackling one problem—the cyclical nature of much of their production. They have formed a group, under the county's rural industries organiser, which among other things will operate as a capacity exchange, thus helping to keep work within the county as well as preventing the glut-shortage work cycle. Long may they prosper!

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The thought of a mid-winter weekend spent in an Elizabethan mansion would, in most people's minds conjure up visions of draughty halls, icy stairs and passages, breath-freezing bedrooms; an altogether chilly, shivery image. I am willing to admit now that such ideas had entered my mind when it was suggested recently that we should spend a weekend at Gravetye Manor, near East Grinstead, Sussex.

I had heard about the place a great deal, I knew that it was set among the most delightful gardens and woods, for it had been owned from 1884 to 1935 by William Robinson, the great garden and woodland cultivator of his day. Of the many books he wrote on these subjects he devoted a most beautiful volume to the first 20 years' work he had done round this old manor house. He not only created the famous gardens surrounding the manor which remain the perfect example of the "English" gardens to this day, but planted trees of great variety in groups, an achievement of landscape planning on a grandiose scale.

Today, the group which owns the Gore Hotel and the Yardarm Club lease the 30 acres immediately surrounding the Manor, the rest of the 1,000-acre estate is looked after by the Forestry Commission. The hotel employs a number of gardeners to maintain the gardens in their original beauty. During the favourable times of year the gardens attract visitors as much as the fine cuisine, and the impressive wine list.

All I can say is that the scene is beautiful even in mid-winter, and the massive and imposing building of the manor was found to be most comfortable and splendidly warm throughout. The old and the new are most skilfully combined to make it so. One is greeted immediately on entering the great hall by an enormous fireplace in which huge logs are burning merrily. This is repeated in all the public rooms downstairs, and the whole interior is permeated with delightful warmth and the delicate scent of burning pine-logs. William Robinson was not only an outstanding gardener and landscape planner, but he also had his own ideas on efficient heating with wood. His book *Wood Fires* deals in detail with this. Long before anyone thought of "smokeless zones" he advocated the use of wood as a fuel instead of coal, and in the book describes, using the fireplaces at Gravetye Manor as examples, how it should be done.

When the snow started to become heavier on the Sunday, and the east wind began to churn it into a blizzard, we were nice and comfortable inside, cosseted by the charming staff in every luxury, enjoying superb meals. We were told of a party of guests who got snowed up some time during last winter's worst snow and ice and had to stay two days longer than they had intended. Our immediate reaction to the story was that if one had to spend an enforced extra two days anywhere, let it be at Gravetye Manor where the cooking is not only honest as far as ingredients are concerned, for they grow nearly all their own vegetables and much of their fruit, but also interesting.

Mr Hartman, the young Swiss chef and his assistants revel in classical and also original dishes, which are perfectly served by courteous waiters. The very full wine-list—for which the Gore is justly famous—enables one to choose exactly the right wine to go with the food, and it is so arranged that bottles (and magnums) and half bottles are listed separately. This is unusual, but useful. When you know you only want half a bottle of a particular wine, it saves looking and getting lost among too many bottles. Gravetye Manor is a most desirable port of call when it is cold outside, but I am sure equally desirable when the azaleas and rhododendrons are in full bloom.

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WHICH PETROL IS BEST?

Petrol, the life blood of motoring and the darling of the Treasury, has been prominently in the news in recent weeks. The Consumers' Association has been taking a close look at it, for instance, and in its magazine *Which?* has declared that in extensive tests it found little difference between the various brands; and that there is " little point in buying a grade of petrol more expensive than you need. The lowest grade of petrol that does not knock in your car is the one you want."

This observation has not pleased the oil industry, a spokesman for whom has since stated that there is definitely a difference between the various brands—numbering about 60!—available in the UK. He pointed out that some brands of petrol contain as many as ten different kinds of additive (to guard against " knocking " and other evils) and stated: " To assume that all brands now on the market are indistinguishable from one another in all respects is to do a distinct injustice to the refining divisions of the research centres of the major oil companies."

I'm afraid that many motorists are inclined to take a cynical view of this kind of controversy; and especially those who know what a glut of petrol there is in the world today and that oil companies are only too glad to quote, for wholesale supplies to commercial undertakings, prices far below those which even the garage men are charged.

One organisation which still thinks there are attractive profits to be made out of retail petrol sales is the Watney-Mann brewery concern which nearly three years ago formed a subsidiary—Swift Garages Ltd.—to redevelop and manage some of the 58 garage and filling station sites which belonged to the Watney-Mann Group. Swift Garages, who have Sir Bryan Bonsor as chairman and Mr J. B. Hall as managing director, have just opened their newest filling station: in London's Mortlake High Street, next door to the Lord Napier public house. They are seeking planning permission to develop, as filling stations, suitable Group-owned sites, many of them adjacent to public houses or off-licences.

Commenting on this development, *The Garage and Motor Agent* says some dealers dislike the idea of mixing petrol sales with catering. The magazine itself sees a logical link—in the tradition of the old coaching inn perhaps—but feels there should be separate managements.

Equipment for winter

Snow, frost and fog produce many difficulties for commuting motorists at this time of year but the dangers and inconvenience they cause can be minimised by the prudent car owner willing to invest a few pounds on winter equipment. Foglamps are essential, of course, but if you are having to wait to get them fitted, for goodness' sake carry with you in your car one of those little bottles or tins of yellow lacquer which can easily be painted on to your headlamp glasses in an emergency; and equally easily removed later on, with a petrol-soaked cloth.

Many motorists are forced to leave their cars in the open overnight and in winter-time they often find their windscreens and other windows thickly glazed by frost. Even if they protectively cover their screens with newspaper or strips of hessian trapped in the doors, the rest of the glass has to be defrosted before they can set out for the office.

There are two ways of doing this: by spraying the frost away with the de-icing fluid sold in aerosols by firms like Holts, Turtle Wax or Slip; or by removing it with one of those little plastic scrapers, such as the gadget sold by the Key-Leather company for only 1s 6d. " We previously imported these little tools from Germany," said a Key-Leather official, " but the version we now offer is completely British-made and, because there is no import duty involved we can offer it much more cheaply than before."

Now that most modern cars are equipped with good fresh-air heaters (as distinct from the old recirculatory models, popularly known as the fug-stirrers) misting on the interior surfaces of screens and windows is less troublesome than it used to be. It is still advisable, however, to carry one of those special dusters impregnated with chemicals which, when rubbed on the glass, will prevent misting.

Tyres, of course, are of prime importance in winter. Unfortunately, there is no tyre suitable for all conditions and whereas the bold treads of the so-called all-weather covers like the Dunlop Weathermaster or Firestone Town and Country give a useful grip on snow or mud, chains (costing £5 or more per pair) or tyre grips (10s–15s each, with three or four needed for each wheel) are really necessary for coping with the deep stuff on country roads.

Buchanan's lessons for local authorities

There are parts of the Buchanan report, *Traffic in Towns*, which should be read by every responsible Local Government officer at least once a week for a year. So says Mr Allan McCullogh in a commentary on the report—in the magazine *Traffic Engineering and Control*—which is one of the best I have read. Mr McCullogh is the architect responsible for the design and planning of an expanded Basingstoke and in addition to the advice quoted above he says the public should be reminded of the seriousness of the situation " at least once a month."

Calling for a complete review by local authorities of their staffs and methods Mr McCullogh says: " There are precious few qualified to deal with the complexity, enormity and urgency of the problem; and very, very few indeed can legitimately call themselves experts." The Basingstoke planner refers to the deterioration of urban environment under the weight of traffic growth and quotes Professor Colin Buchanan as saying that " visual intrusion " is a serious aspect of this problem and one to which society " will be bound to pay serious heed."

It is sobering, says Mr McCullogh, to apply Buchanan's ultimate car ownership figures to any normal town housing area—not forgetting to provide for casual parking—and then translate the result into a visual picture. To this picture, he says, must be added caravans and boat trailers the sales of which are increasing at about the same rate as those of cars.

He adds: " The resulting picture is one which ought to be demonstrated clearly to the public as frequently as opportunities permit. Only when this visual impact is fully appreciated is society likely to pay the heed which is so much needed to avoid further drift into the ugliness that complacency threatens."

Discussing the dangers of urban sprawl, Mr McCullogh says a " worrisome vacuum " is left by the exclusion from the Buchanan report of any study of the deployment of Britain's vastly increased population of the future. He quotes the Chief Planner to the Ministry of Housing as predicting that in the next 50 years the living standards of the average working man will be higher than those of the professional man of today; that his leisure will be much greater; and that he will probably own two cars as well as two dwellings. National plans—or, at the very least, regional plans—are imperative says Mr McCullogh.

(*Monte Carlo Rally pictures are on page 184*)

The German Mercedes-Benz 300SE. The power of its 2,996 c.c. engine has been stepped up from 185 to 195 b.h.p., by means of a higher compression ratio, and other changes in design. Top speed of the 300SE is now better than 124 m.p.h. Price of the cheapest version in the UK—the saloon—is £3,814 including tax

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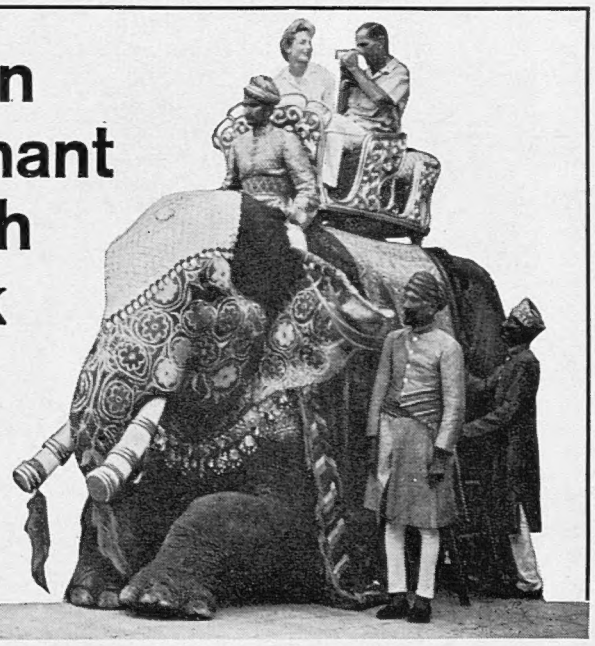

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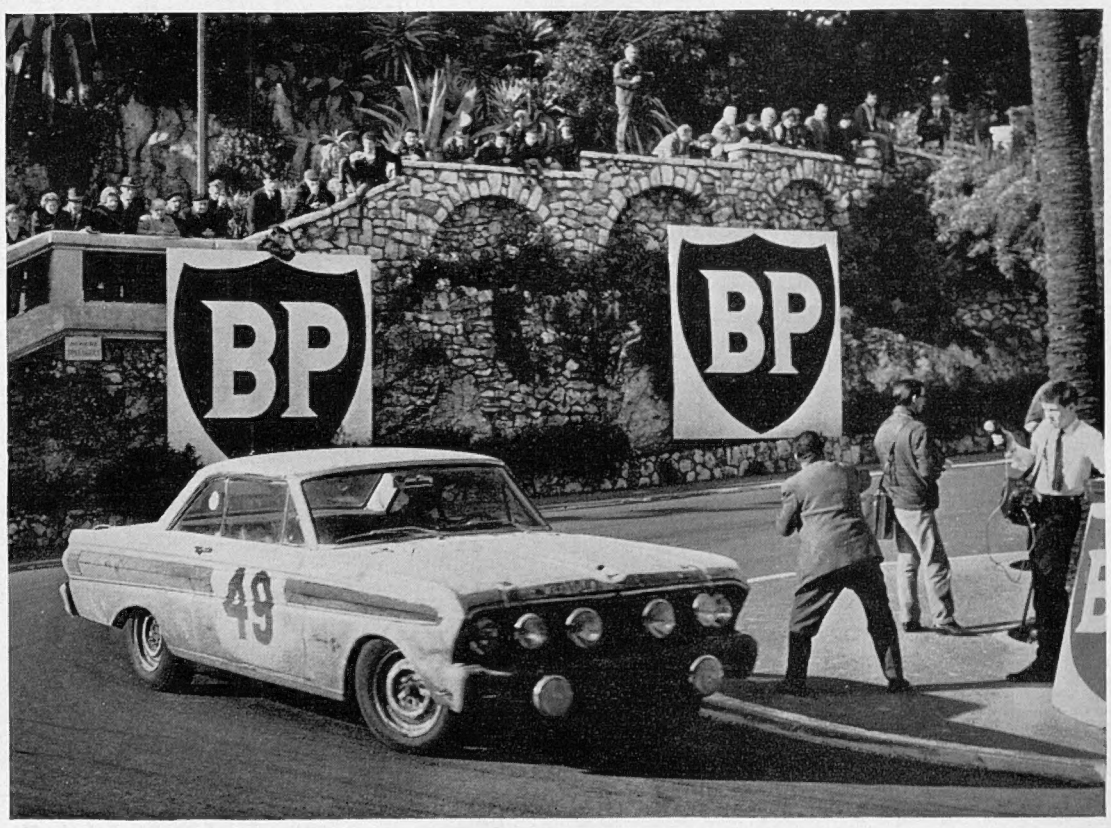
A MINI MONTE

This year's Monte Carlo Rally, the 33rd, ended with a great fillip for British motoring. The winners were Paddy Hopkirk and Henry Liddon (top right) in a 1,071 c.c. BMC Mini Cooper S (seen above in the Turin Pass, 80 kilometres from Monaco). BMC cars won the two main team prizes. In second place overall came Bo Ljungfeldt and Fergus Sager, driving a 4.7 litre Ford Falcon; Erik Carlsson, winner in the past two years, came third with Gunnar Palm in an 841 c.c. two-stroke Saab. The winner of the Ladies' Cup for the fourth occasion was Pat Moss (5th overall in a Saab).

Carlsson and Palm in their Saab at the start in Oslo



In the final speed test held on the Monaco Grand Prix Circuit, Ljungfeldt takes his Ford round a sharp bend

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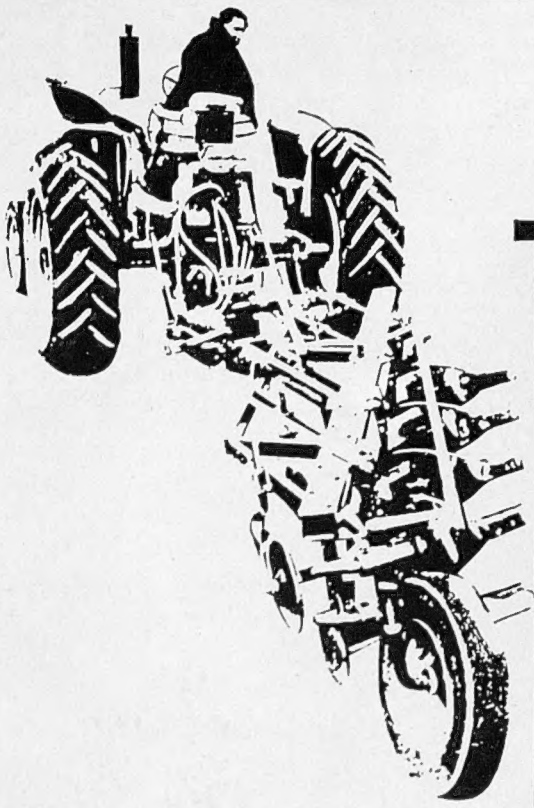

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There's a vigorous press, of course, serving the farming community as a whole, and serving it well. But you can often search the whole of it and not find a word about work-study, pre-packaging, group buying problems—or any of the discussion-points that are of urgent importance to the farmer who thinks in modern business terms. In other words, he has no paper which he can look on as especially his own.

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painted by David Gentleman

BERKSHIRE RIDGEWAY and ICKNIELD WAY

The Berkshire Ridgeway is one of the most ancient of roads—a 'green road' nowadays—a downland loop, over the dry chalk heights of Berkshire and North Wiltshire, of the longer Icknield Way, which runs up from Salisbury Plain past Stonehenge and over the Chilterns towards the Wash. When the Fens were dry, it probably went on to Lincolnshire and eastern Yorkshire. How old are Ridgeway and Icknield Way? 4,000, or perhaps nearer 5,000 years: they were used in times before history by pedlars who brought down axes and adzes and knives from the neolithic flint mines at Grime's Graves in Norfolk [where the miners worked with picks of red-deer horn (1)] and ornaments of Whitby jet from Yorkshire.

In this section (easily reached from B 4507, between Wantage and Swindon), the Ridgeway passes Wayland Smith's Cave (2), in the left-hand clump of trees, a neolithic tomb of sarsen stones about as old as the road itself. A thousand and more years ago, our English ancestors gave this tomb its name, believing it had been the workshop in which the legendary smith Weland made his magic swords and armour. Down below are the Vale of White Horse, and (out of sight) the Uffington White Horse (3) itself, cut into the chalky slope. To the right are the ditch and bank of Uffington Castle. Horse and Castle are much younger than the road or the 'smithy.' The Castle, an Iron Age hill fort, was built in the 2nd century B.C.; the strange horse was cut on the hillside not long before the Romans came, perhaps because a white horse was the emblem of the British tribe hereabouts.

The complete series of the Shell guides to the Roads of Britain *will be published in book form by Ebury Press in May 1964, and may be ordered from any bookseller at 10/6 net.*

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